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1282 FORBES (JOHN) CANTUS, SONGS AND FANCIES to 3, 4 or 5 Parts, *with brief introduction to Musick as taught by T. Davidson*, SECOND EDITION, *morocco super extra, borders of gold, g. e. by C. Lewis, Aberdene, J. Forbes*, 1666

*** An extremely rare Aberdeen Cantus, which cost £5. 12s. 6d.

To W. John Glen
July 29th 1903

18 15- 0 1283 Forbes (J.) Cantus, *Third Edition enlarged, morocco extra, g. e. very rare* *Aberdeen*, 1682

4451474

THE NEW CLUB SERIES.

PAISLEY, *March* 22, 1879.

Hunterian Museum

To ALEX. GARDNER,

Publisher.

To FORBES' **Cantus, Songs and Fancies,** *No.* 27 £1 : 1 : 0

Received Payment, A. Gardner *1879.*

Per [illegible]

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND EDINBURGH

A. Gardner

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Glen 73.

CANTUS,

SONGS AND FANCIES,

TO THREE, FOUR, OR FIVE PARTS,

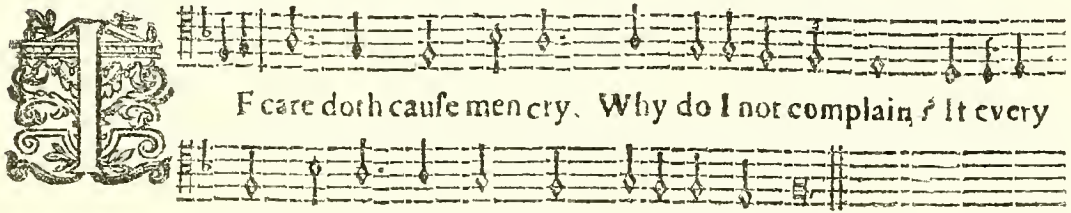
BOTH APT FOR VOICES AND VIOLS.

ABERDEEN.

Reproduced by Photo-Lithography for the NEW CLUB SERIES.

Forbes (John) Cantus, Songs and Fancies, to three
four or five parts, both apt for Voices and Viols.
Reproduced by Photo-Lithography for the New Club Series
(The Songs only) from the 3rd edition published 1682
8vo 4to Aberdeen 1879.

THE FIRST SONG.



I Feare doth cauſe men cry, Why do I not complain? It every wight bewails his woe, Why do I not the ſame?

Since that amongſt them all,
I dare well ſay is none
So far from joy, ſo full of wo,
Nor hath more cauſe to mourn.

For all things living hath
Sometime a quyet reſt;
The drawing Ox, the bearing Aſs,
And every other Beaſt.

The Peiſand and the Poſt,
Which are at all aſſayes,
The Ship-boy, and the Galey ſlave,
Hath time to take their eaſe.

Save I, poor wretch, whom care
Doth ſo me now conſtrain,
To wail the day, and weep the night,
Continually in pain.

From painfulneſs to pain,
From pain to bitter tears,
From tears to painfull pain again,
And ſo my life it weats.

Each thing under the Sun,
That I can hear or ſee,
It makes me to bewail my woe,
And cruel deſtinie.

When I ſee men rejoice,
Seeing I cannot ſo,
I take more pleaſure in my pain,
It doubles but my woe.

Or vvhen I ſee men have,
Their moſt deſired ſight,
Alace! I think all men are well,
Save I, poor woful wight.

Or when I hear the ſound
Of Song or Inſtrument,
I think all thing that joyful is,
Doth cauſe me to lament.

Even as the ſtricken Deer
Withdraws himſelf alone,
So ſeek I then ſome ſecret place,
Where I may make my moan.

Although that for a time
Doth much appeaſe my grief;
Yet doth it breed me further pain,
To cauſe me more miſchief.

THE SECOND PART.

Since that amongſt them all,
I dare well ſay is none
More grievous ſinner nor I am,
And hath more cauſe to moan.

My youthful years miſpent
In health and ignorance;
Not caring how I ſpent my time,
In ſloath and negligence.

Even like a wandering ſheep,
Long have I gone aſtray:
Lord, bring me to thy flock again,
And guid me the right way.

Grant me thy grace to riſe,
And ſtand in time to come,
That I may mend my wretched life,
And mourn for time by-run.

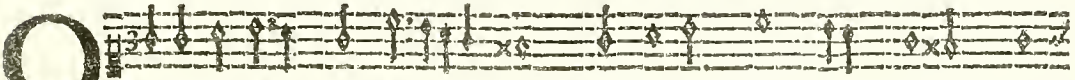
Call me not to accounts
Of former faults miſdone:
But let my Saviors bloody vvounds,
Be ranſome for my ſin.

In mercy, Lord, my God,
Receive me home to thee;
That I may vvalk in thy true fear,
And praiſe thy Name trulie.

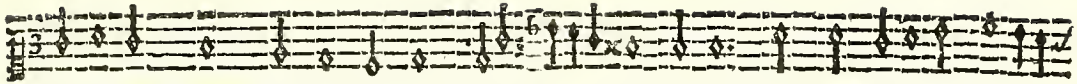
Relieve my burthen great
Of ſin and vvorldly care;
That I may in thy Sanctuary
Sing praiſes evermair.

FINIS.

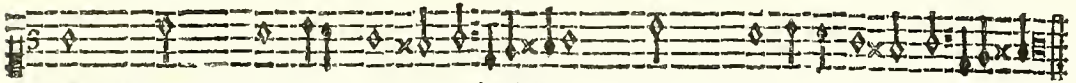
THE II. SONG.



O Luſty May with Flora Queen, The balmy drops from Phebus ſheen,
Prelulant



Preluſant beams before the day, before the day, the day. By thee Diana groweth



green, Through gladneſs of this luſty May, Through gladneſs of this luſty May.

Then Aurora that is ſo bright,
To woful hearts he caſts great light,
Right pleaſantly before the day, &c.
And ſhows and ſhads forth of that light,
Through gladneſs of this luſty May,
Through gladneſs of this luſty May.

Birds on their boughs of every ſort,
Sends forth their notes, and makes great mirth,
On banks that blooms on every bray, &c.
And fares and flyes ov'r field and firth,
Through gladneſs, &c.

All Lovers hearts that are in care,
To their Ladies they do repare,
In freſh mornings before the day,
And are in mirth ay more and more,
Through gladneſs, &c.

Of every moneth in the year,
To mirthful May there is no peer;
Her gliſtring garments are ſo gay, &c.
Your Lovers all, make merry cheer,
Through gladneſs of this luſt May,
Through gladneſs of this luſty May.

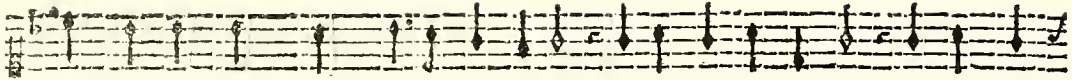
F I N I S.

THE III. SONG.

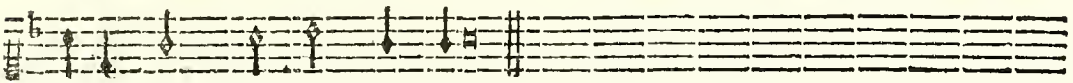


I Nto a mirthfull May morning, As Phebus did upſpring, I ſaw a May

both



both fair and gay, Moſt goodly for to ſee? I ſaid to her be kind, To me that



was ſo pyn'd, For your love truly.

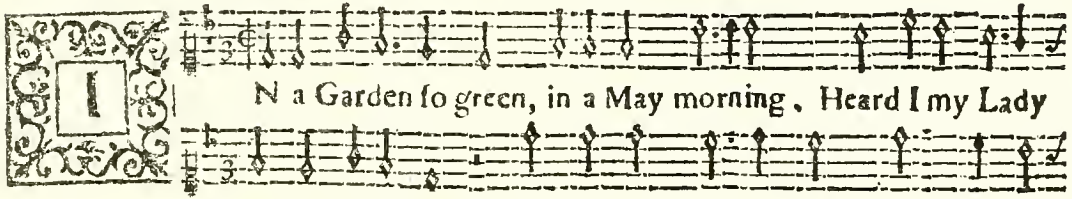
First therefore when I did you know,
You thirl'd my heart ſo low
Unto your Grace: but now in caſe,
Baniſht through falſe report:
But I hope, and I trow,
Once for to ſpeak with you,
Which doth me comfort.

Wherefore, I pray, have mind on me,
True Love, where ever you be:
Where ever I go, both too and fro,
You have my heart alright.
O Lady! fair of hew,
I me commend to you,
Both the day and night.

Since Fortune falſe, unkind, untrue,
Hath exy'ld me from you;
By ſudden chance I ſhall advance
Your honor and your fame.
Above all earthly wight,
To you my truth I plight,
In earneſt, or gain.

FINIS.

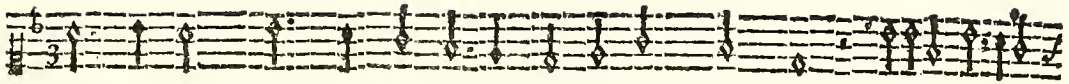
THE IV. SONG.
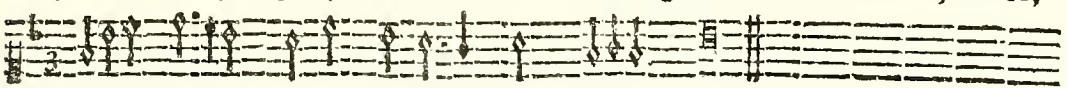


IN a Garden ſo green, in a May morning, Heard I my Lady

pleen of paramours. Said ſhe, my Love ſo ſweet, come you not

yet



yet; nor yet; Heght you not me to meet amongſt the flowrs? Elore, Elore,



Elore, Elore, I love my luſty Love, Elore, Lo.

The ſkyes up ſpringeth, the dew down dingeth,
The ſweet Larks ſingeth their hours of prime.
Phebus up ſprenteth, joy to reſt wenteth,
So loſt is mine intents, and gone's the time
Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore.
I love my luſty Love, Elore, Lo.

Danger my dead is, falſe fortune my feed is,
And languor my leed is: but hope, I diſpair,
Diſdain my deſire is, ſo ſtrangeneſs my fear is:
Deceit nut of all ware. Adew, I fare.
Elore, Elore, &c.

Then to my Ladie blyth, did I my preſence kyth;
Saying, My Bird, be glade: am I not yours?
So in my armes two, did I the luſtie jo;
And kiſſed her times mo, then night hath hours.
Elore, Elore, &c.

Live in hope, Ladie fair, and repel all diſpair:
Truſt not that your true Love ſhal you betray.
When deceit and langor, baniſht from your bowr,
I'le be your paramour, and ſhal you pleaſe.
Elore, Elore, &c.

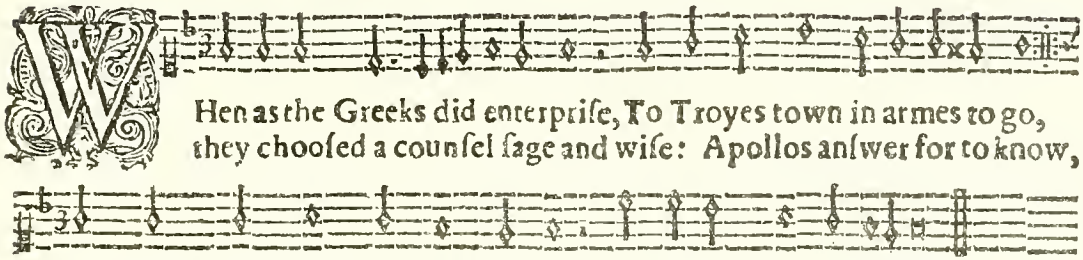
Favour and dutie, unto your bright beautie,
Confirmed hath lawfie, obliedg'd to truth:
So that your ſoverance, hearthe but variance,
Mark in your memorance, mercie and ruth.
Elore, Elore, &c.

Yet for your courteſie, baniſh all jealouſie:
Love for love luſtily, do me reſtore:
Then with us Lovers young true love ſhal reſt and reign:
Solace ſhal ſweetlie ſing for evermore,
Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore.
I love my luſtie Love, Elore, Lo.

FINIS.

THE

THE V. SONG.



When as the Greeks did enterpriſe, To Troyes town in armes to go,
they chooſed a counſel ſage and wiſe: Apollos anſwer for to know,
How they ſhould ſpeed and have ſucceſs, In that ſo great a buſineſs.

Then did they ſend the wiſeſt Greeks,
Appollos anſwer for to know,
Who with the tears upon their cheeks,
But and the fiery flames of wood,
With all ſuch rites as was the guiſe,
They did their great God ſacrifice.

When they had done thus their requeſt,
And ſolemnly their ſervice done,
And drank the wine, and ſlew the beaſt,
Appollo gave them anſwer ſoon:

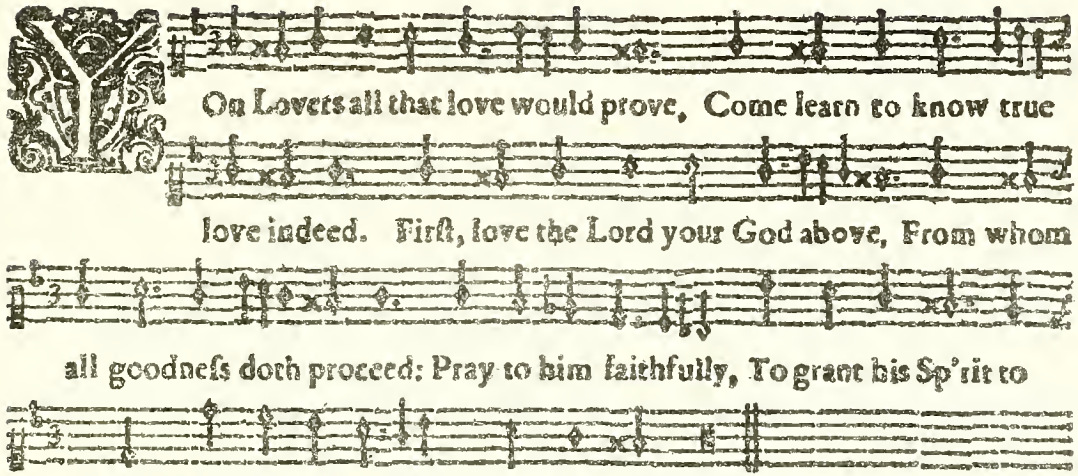
That Troy and Troyans have they ſhould,
To uſe them fully as they would.

Which anſwer made them not ſo glad,
That they ſhould thus victorious be,
As even the anſwer which I had,
Did alſo joy and comfort me.
For thus then ſaid Appollo mine,
All that thou ſeeks, it ſhal be thine.

F I N I S.

THE

THE VI. SONG.



Als love thy neighbour heartfully,
Wiſhing his welfare night and day:
Dealing with all men faithfully,
As to thyſelf thou wouldſt alway.
Beſeech the Lord of might,
His Sp'rit to guide thee right;
His precepts day and night,
For to obey.

Since that the time is here but ſhort
That we in earth are to indure;
Rejoice in God and have conſort,
In Chriſt his Son that bought us dear.
Pray to the Trinitie
One God, and Perſons three,
To ſerve him faithfully,
With heart intiere.

The

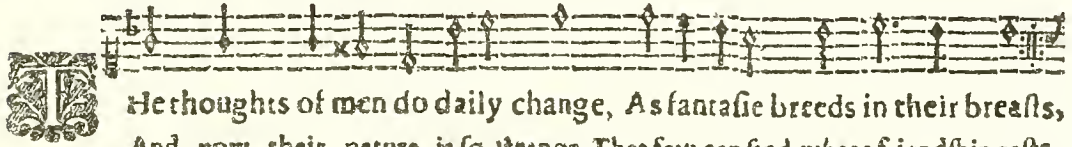
The ſacrifice of laud and praiſe,
Sing to the Lord both day and night
With thankſgiving to him always,
For all his benefits ſo bright.
Thy time in vertue ſpend:
Remember on thy end;
See thou thy life amend,
With all thy might.

Then ſhalt thou at the latter day,
When Chriſt thee to accoũt ſhal call,
Rejoice in God, and not affray
For fear of anie ſudden fall.
Therefore live merrily
In Love and Charity,
Thanking thy God truly,
What may befall.

Now let us all ſtill watch and pray;
Still waiting on that day and hour,
Whẽ Chriſt ſhal come without delay
To judge all earthly creature.
Then be prepar'd therefore,
With lamps and oyl in ſtore,
To meet that King of glore,
That comes for ay.

F I N I S.

THE VII. SONG.



The

The ſtedfaſt faith that friends profeſt,
Is fred from them, and ſeldom us'd:
He who a faithful friend profeſt,
Doth make his friendſhip now abus'd.
Where one is found a friend indeed,
A ſcore there be, a ſcore there be, that fail at need.

For barren trees will bloom right fair,
As well as thoſe that fruit will yeeld,
Whoſe bark and branches ſeems as fair,
As anie tree within the field.
As ſimple looks the ſubtile man,
As he that no, as he that no, kind falſhood can.

A friend of words where deeds be dead,
Is like a ſpring that water wants:
And he that with fair words is fed,
Doth hope for fruit of wither'd plants:
But who can judge by hew of eye, (ſhould be.
Since deeds are dead, ſince deeds are dead, where truth

The faireſt way that I can find,
Is firſt to try, and then to truſt;
So ſhall affections not be blind,
For proof will ſoon ſpy out the juſt:
And tryal knows who means deceit,
And bids us be, and bids us be-ware of their bait.

Without good proof be not too bold,
If thou my counſel liſt to take;
In painting words there is no hold,
They be but leaves that wind do ſhake:
But where that words and deeds agree,
Accept that friend, accept that friend, and credit me.

F I N I S.

THE VIII. SONG.





now ſick and weak, makes thee thou mayſt not crawle. O then, I ſay, for all thy



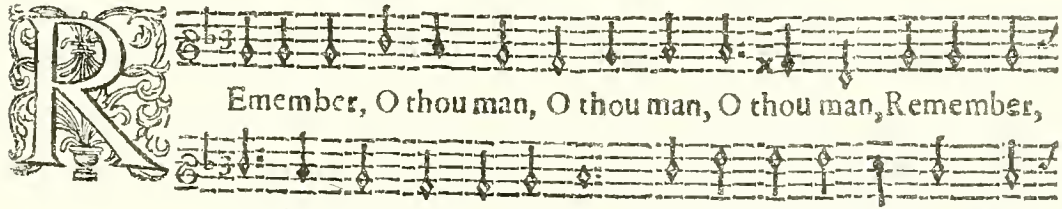
paſſed pleaſure, A conſcience clear is worth a world of treaſure.

When on thy bed in anguiſh thou do'ſt ly,
In ſome hard feaver, ſtriving ſtill for breath:
Thy wife and children then upon thee cry:
Some wiſhing life, yet moſt for goods thy death.
O then, I ſay, for all thy paſſed pleaſure,
A conſcience clear is worth a world of treaſure.

When ſoul ſin ſhal appear in its own weed,
Shal thy diſtracted ſenſes ſo affright,
In recordation of thy former deed;
Nothing thou'ſt have but dolor for delight.
O then, I ſay, for all thy paſſed pleaſure,
A conſcience clear is worth a world of treaſure.

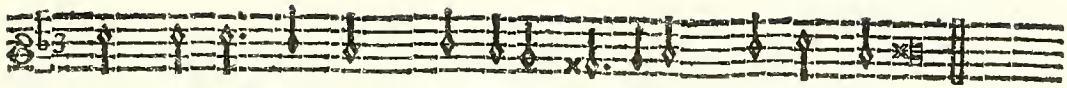
FINIS.

THE IX. SONG.



REmember, O thou man, O thou man, O thou man, Remember,

O thou man, thy time is ſpent. Remember, O thou man, how thou



thou was dead and gone, And I did what I can; therefore repent.

Remember Adams fall, O thou man, O thou man,
Remember Adams fall, from heaven to hell.
Remember Adams fall, how we were condemned all,
In hell perpetual, therein to dwel.

Remember Gods goodneſs, O thou man, O thou man,
Remember Gods goodneſs, his promiſe made.
Remember Gods goodneſs, how he ſent his Son doubtleſs,
Our ſins for to redreſs: be not afraid.

The Angels all did ſing, O thou man, O thou man,
The Angels all did ſing, on the ſhepherds hill.
The Angels all did ſing praiſe to our heavenly King,
And peace to man living, with a good will.

The ſhepherds amaz'd was, O thou man, O thou man,
The ſhepherds amaz'd was, to hear Angels ſing.
The ſhepherds amaz'd was, how it ſhould come to paſs,
That CHRIST our MESSIAS, ſhould be our King.

To Bethlem did they go, O thou man, O thou man,
To Bethlem they did go, the ſhepherds three.
To Bethlem they did go, to ſee if it were ſo or no;
Whither Chriſt was born or no, to ſet man free.

As th'Angels before did ſay, O thou man, O thou man
As th'Angels before did ſay, ſo it came to paſs.
As th'Angels before did ſay, they found a Babe where he
In a manger, wrapt in hay, ſo poor he was. (lay.

In Bethlem he was born, O thou man, O thou man,
In Bethlem he was born, for mankinds ſake.
In Bethlem he was born, for us that was forlorn;
And therefore took no ſcorn, our fleſh to take.

Give thanks to God always, O thou man, O thou man
Give thanks to God always, moſt joyfully.
Give thanks to God always, for this our happy day,
Let all now ſing and ſay, Holy, Holy.

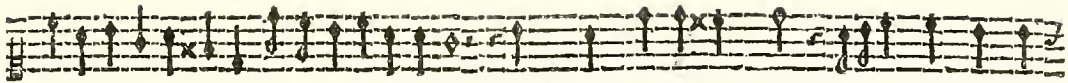
FINIS.

THE X. SONG.



NOw is the month of Maying, When merry Lads are playing, Fa la

la la



la la la la la la la la la la la la la la. Each with his bony Laſs, Upon the greeny



graſs. Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la fa la.

The Spring clade all in gladneſs,
Doth laugh at Winters ſadneſs, Fa la la, &c.
And to the Bag-pipes ſound,
The Maids tread out their ground, Fa la la, &c.

Fy then, why are we muſing,
Youths ſweet delight refuſing? Fa la la, &c.
Say, dainty Nymphs, and ſpeak,
Shal we play barley-break? Fa la la, &c.

FINIS.

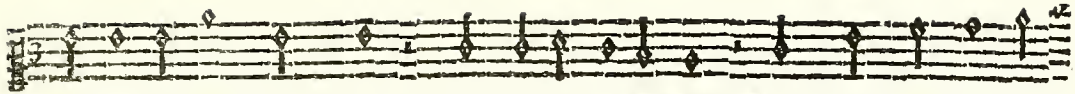
THE XI. SONG.



Et not, I ſay, the ſluggiſh ſleep cloſe up thy waking eye, Untill

that thou with judgement deep, thy daily deeds do try. He that

one



one ſin in conſcience keeps, while he to quyet goes; More venterous is then



he that ſleeps with twenty mortal foes.

Wherefore at night call into mind,
how thou the day hath ſpent:
Praying to God, if ought thou find,
and then in time repent.
And ſince thy bed a patern is
of death and fatal tears,
Bedwart it ſhal not be amiſs,
this to record in verſe.

My bed is like the grave ſo cold;
and ſleep which ſteeks mine eye,
Reſembleth death; cloaths which me fold,
declare the mould ſo dry:

The friſking fleas, reſembleth well
the wringing worm to me,
Which with me in the grave ſhal dwel,
when I no light ſhal ſee.

The mightie bell which I hear knel,
when I am laid in bed,
Moſt like a bitter trumpet ſell,
ev'r ſhouting in my head:
My riſing in the morn likewiſe,
when ſleepy night is paſt,
Puts me in mind that I muſt riſe
to Judgement at the laſt.

FINIS.

THE XII. SONG.

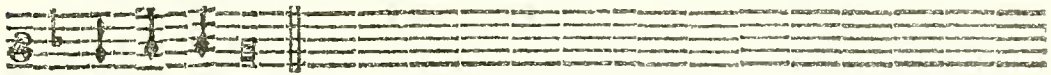


Satan, my foe, full of iniquity, Thy ſubtil ſnares of ſin aſſaulteth

me



me, Againſt my Lord and Maker to rebell. With ſweet allurements leads



the way to hell.

CHRIST.

O ſinful man, ſince God hath creat thee
A living ſoul, to ſerve him faithfullie;
And from the hell he thee redeem'd again:
Obey my voice, and from thy ſins refrain.

SINNER.

Alace! Satan, the world, and fleſh alſo,
All three in one conſpired hath my woe,
Me to intrape in ſinful pleaſures here,
Through ſin and ſathan, death and endleſs fear.

CHRIST.

Believe my word, and in thy heart imprint
My ſuffrings for thy ſake, and do repent.
Pray to our Father for the Spirit of grace:
To mend thy life, God grant thee time and ſpace.

SINNER.

Alace! my fore-ſaid foes full craftily
Doth me entiſe from thy precepts to fly;
And follow pleaſures of my fleſh and ſin,
The which is ſweet to paſs my time therein.

CHRIST.

O careleſs man! that ſweetneſs brings no gain,
But in the end eternal woe and pain.
Fly ſin therefore, the Sabbath day thou keep:
My Word will draw thee from that ſinful ſleep.

SINNER.

Alace! my Lord, I fight continually
Againſt the Devil, the world, and fleſh, all three:
So that my wits and ſenſes are grown dumb,
Clogged with worldly things, almoſt o'rcome.

CHRIST.

Caſt firſt thy care to conquer heaven above,
Through faith in me, and godly works in love:
Thy Father who doth know thy preſent need,
Will thee ſupply of worldly things with ſpeed.

SINNER.

Proſperity makes me ſometimes misknow:
Adverſity makes me deſpair and low.
Whiles with the one and other am torment,
Which marrs my mind, and makes me mal-content.

CHRIST.

If riches grow, ſet not thy heart thereon,
Leſt that it make thee like the rich Glutton.
Riches well us'd, Gods bleſſing doth procure:
If croſt with want, then Lazarus was poor.

Betwixt

SINNER.

Betwixt theſe two, I crave to ſtand content,
If ſo it pleaſe my God for to conſent:
Praying therefore I ſeek to pleaſe his will,
And be grought home, thy flock and fold until.

CHRIST.

Thou art not able for to run that race,
To pleaſe his will, without his Sp'rit of grace:
Therefore beſeech his divine Majeſtie,
To baniſh ſin, and grant his Sp'rit to thee.

SINNER.

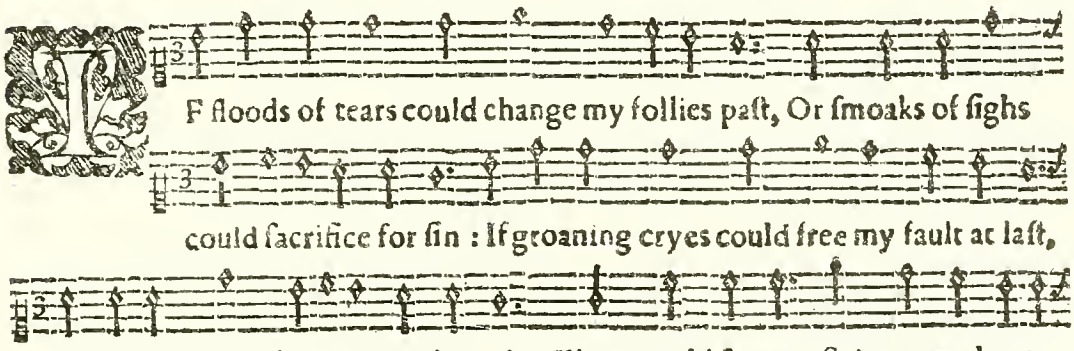
I ſhal beſeech my Lord and God of might,
The Father, Son and Sp'rit, to guide me right,
That I may walk in thy true fear and love,
And at the laſt attain thy joyes above.

CHRIST.

If ſo thou do thy prayer ſhal be heard,
And in the heavens for thee a place prepar'd.
Then ſerve thy God, and praiſe his holy Name:
Obey my voice, and ſtill with me remain.

FINIS.

THE XIII. SONG.





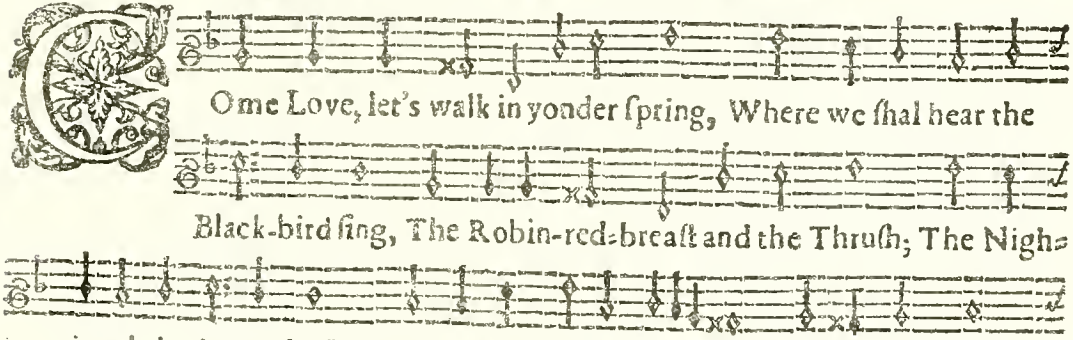
groan, For follies, faults, faults, for ſins and errors done.

I ſee my hopes are blaſted in their bud,
And find mens favours are like fading flowrs:
I find too late that words can do no good,
But loſs of time, and languiſhing of hours.
Thus ſince I ſee, I ſigh, and ſay therefore,
Hopes, favors, words, begone, begone, beguile no more.

Since man is nothing but a maſs of clay,
Our days not elſe but ſhadows on the wall:
Truſt in the Lord, who lives and laſts for ay;
Whoſe favour found will neither fade nor fail.
My God, to thee I reſign my mouth and mind:
No truſt in youth, in youth, nor faith in age I find.

F I N I S.

THE XIV. SONG.



Come Love, let's walk in yonder ſpring, Where we ſhal hear the Black-bird ſing, The Robin-red-breaſt and the Thruſh; The Nightingale in thorny buſh: The Mavis ſweetly caroling, This to my Love, this



this to my Love Content will bring.

In yonder dale grows fragrant flowrs,
With many ſweet and ſhady bowrs:
A pearly brook, whoſe ſilver ſtreams
Are beautifi'd with Phebus beams,
Still ſtealing through the trees ſo fair;
Becauſe Diana, becauſe Diana,
Barheth her there.

Behold the Nymph with all her train,
Comes tripping through the Park amain:
And in this Grove ſhe here will ſtay,
At Barly-break to ſport and play;
Where we ſhall ſit us down and ſee
Fair beautie mixt, fair beautie mixt
With Chaſtitie.

All her delight is, as you ſee,
Here for to ſport, and here to be,
Delighting in this ſilver ſtream,
Only to bath her ſelf therein:
Until Acteon her eſpy'd,
Then to the Thicket, then to the Thicket
She her hyed.

And there by Magick Art ſhe wrought,
Which in her heart ſhe firſt had thought,
By ſecret ſpeed away to flee,
Whilſt he a Hart was turn'd to be.

Thus whilſt he view'd Dianas train,
His life he loſt, his life he loſt,
Her love to gain.

Another of the ſame.

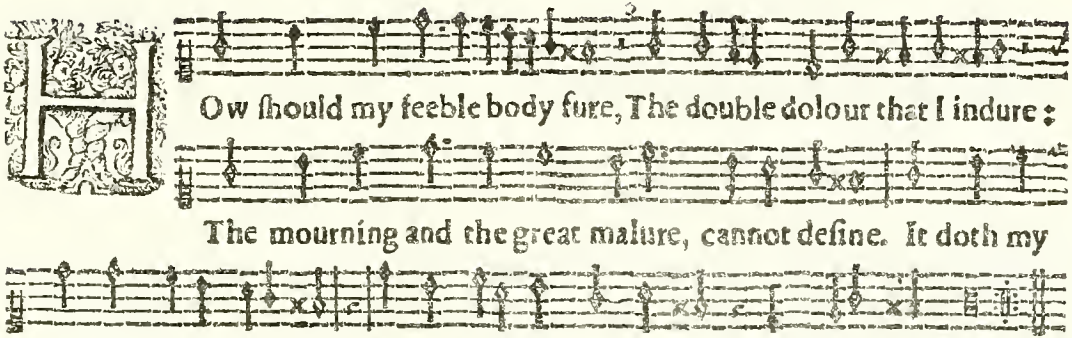
COme, Lord, let's walk on Sion Hill,
There to remain for ever ſtill;
Where Prophets, 'poſtles, and juſt folk,
With Martyrs on a row do walk,
The Angels ſweetly caroling:
This to my ſoul, this to my ſoul,
Content ſhal bring.

In Gods houſe manie manſions are,
Which Chriſt is gone for to prepare
For his Elect, and own dear friends;
Where joy remains and never ends.
Gods Saints ſhal thither all repair;
Becauſe the Lamb, becauſe the Lamb,
Of God reigns there.

We ſhal behold the Lord amain,
Come through the clouds with Angels train:
And in the twinkling of an eye,
We ſhal aſcend up through the skie;
Where we ſhal ſit us down and ſing
Sweet Pſalms of praiſe, ſweet Pſalms of praiſe
To Jehovah King.

FINIS.

THE XV. SONG.



How ſhould my feeble body ſure, The double dolour that I indure:
The mourning and the great malure, cannot define. It doth my
balefull breaſt combure, To ſee another have in cure, that ſhould be mine.

For well I wot was never wight,
That could inforce his mind & might
To love and ſerve his Ladie bright,
and want her ſine:
As I do martyr day and night,
Without that onlie thing of right,
that ſhould be mine.

Were I of puiſſance for to prove
My lowlie and my heartlie love,
I ſhould her mind to mercie move,
with ſuch propine.
Were all the world at my behove,
She ſhould it have at here behove,
for to be mine.

Now whō to ſhal I make my moan)
For truth nor conſtancie is none;
For all the faithful love is gone,
of feminine.
It would oppreſs an heart of ſtone
To ſee my loſs, for her alone
that ſhould be mine.

Who ſhal my dulled ſpirits raiſe,
Since not for love my Ladie goes?
For if good ſervice might her pleaſe,
ſhe ſhould incline.
I die in dolour and diſeaſe,
And others hath her as they pleaſe,
that ſhould be mine.

I may perceive right well by this,
That all the blythneſs, joy and bliſs,
The luſtie wanton life I wiſh
of love, is hine.

What

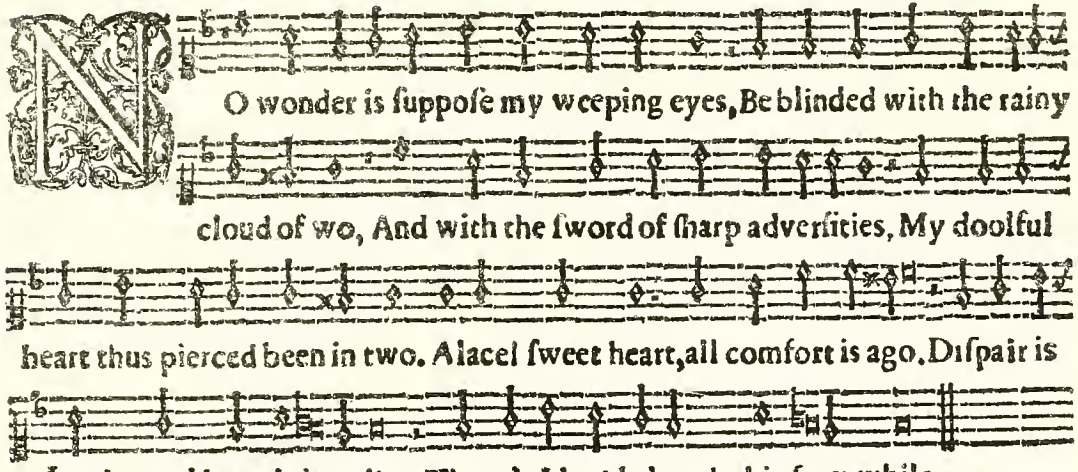
What remedie ſince ſo it is:
But patience, ſuppoſe I miſs
that ſhould be mine.

For Nobles hath not ay renovvn,
Nor Gentles ay the gayeſt govvn:
They carie victuals to the tovvn
that vvorſe doth dine.
So buſily to busk I bovvn,
And others bears the berry dovvn,
that ſhould be mine.

Who can the rage of youthhood daut
Let him to Lovers Court go haunt,
And him as Venus ſubject grant,
and keep her trine;
Perchance he ſhal find mercy skant,
And able his revvard not vvant,
as I do mine.

F I N I S.

THE XVI. SONG.



As vvith the vvind oppreſſed is the corn,
The ſtone thirled vvith rainy drops great;
And vvith the vvorm the ſcarlet rent and ſhorn;
So is my heart overthral'd and overſet:
My ſalt tears are mingled vvith bloody ſvveat,
Pale is my face, and faded is my hevv,
Of Loves lair, alace! that ever I knevv.

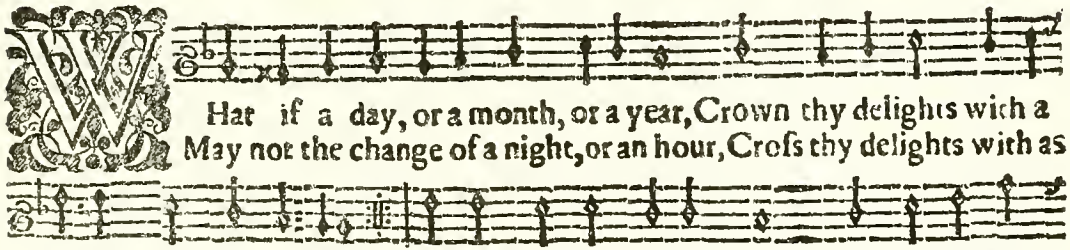
I ſeek remead unto my deadly wound,
As fire in yee, and heat in marble ſtone:
I find a quadrant in a figure round,
A deaf Sophiſt a probleme to expound;
I ſeek the truth in heart vvhere there is none:
As vvho vvould fiſh upon the mountains hie,
Or go to gather berries in the ſea.

Novv is my care through old occaſion,
Old is my vvound, my pains are very ſore;
The more I ſeek for conſolation,
My heavineſs increaſeth more and more:
I love, alace! and all my love is lore,
More vvo I vviſh dread never man on eard;
Such is my chance, ſuch is my hapleſs vveard.

I have enough and more for to complean
Of every care that may my dool diſtreſs:
Hovv may my tongue or hand expreſs the pain;
Becauſe the truth unable is to gueſs,
I love, alace! not vvith thoſe cares expreſs'd,
My deadly ghoſt: but rather vvith the dart,
Bereave my life, as thou haſt done my heart.

FINIS.

THE XVII. SONG.





dying. All our joyes are but toyes, Idle thoughts deceiving.
flying. None hath power of an hour, Of his lifes bereaving.

Th'earth's but a point of the vvorld, and a man,
Is but a point of the Earths compared centure:
Shal then the point of a point be ſo vain,
As to triumph in a ſilly points adventure.
All is hazard that vve have,
There is nothing bydding:
Days of pleaſure are as ſtreams
Through fair meadovvs glyding.
Well or vvo, time doth go,
Time hath no returning.
Secret Fates guides our States,
Both in mirth and mourning.

What if a ſmile, or a beck, or a look
Feed thy fond thoughts vvith many vain conceivings:
May not that ſmile, or that beck, or that look,
Tell thee as vvell they are all but falſe deceivings,
Why ſhould Beautie be ſo proud,
In things of no ſurmounting?
All her vvealth is but a ſhevvd,
Nothing of accounting.
Then in this, ther's no bliſs,
Which is vain and idle,
Beauties flovvrs have their hours,
Time doth hold the bridle.

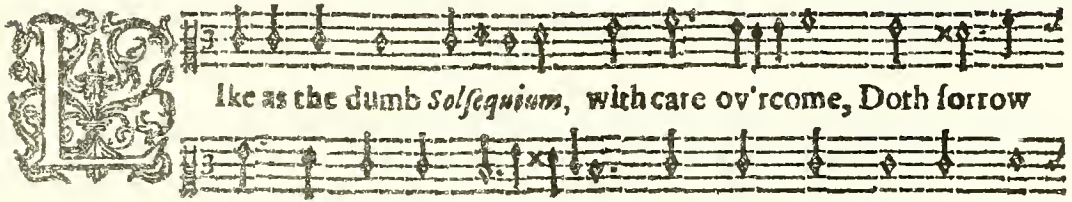
What if the World with a lure of its vvealth,
Raiſe thy degree to great place of hie advancing.
May not the World by a check of that wealth,
Bring thee again to as low deſpiſed changing.
While the Sun of wealth doth ſhine,
Thou ſhalt have friends plentie;
But come want, they repine,
Not one abides of twentie.
Wealth and friends holds and ends,
As thy fortunes riſe and fall:
Up and down, ſmile and frown,
Certain is no ſtate at all.

What if a grip, or a ſtrain, or a fit,
Pinch thee with pain of the feeling pangs of ſickneſs:
May not that grip, or that ſtrain, or that fit,
Show thee the form of thine own true perfect lickneſs.
Health is but a glance of joy,
Subject to all changes;
Mirth is but a filly toy,
Which miſhap eſtranges.
Tell me than, filly man,
Why art thou ſo weak of wit,
As to be in jeopardie,
When thou mayſt in quiet ſit.

FINIS.

THE

THE XVIII. SONG.



Like as the dumb *Solſequium*, with care ov'rcome, Doth ſorrow when the Sun goes out of ſight: Hangs down her head, and droups as dead and will not ſpread; But lurks her leaves through langor of the night, Till fooliſh Phaëton riſe with whip in hand, To clear the criſtal skyes, and light the land. Birds in their bour, waits for that hour; And to their King a glad



glad good-morrow gives, From thence that flowr likes not to four But laughs



on Phebus op'ning out her Leaves.

So ſtands't with me, except I be where I may ſee
My lamp of light, my Ladie and my Love:
When ſhe departs, ten thouſand darts from ſundrie airts,
Thirles through mine heart but reſt or roove:
My countenance declares mine inward grief,
And Hope almoſt diſpairs to find relief.
I die, I dwine, love doth me pine:
I loath on everie thing I look, alace.
Till Titan mine upon me ſhine,
That I revive through favor of her grace.

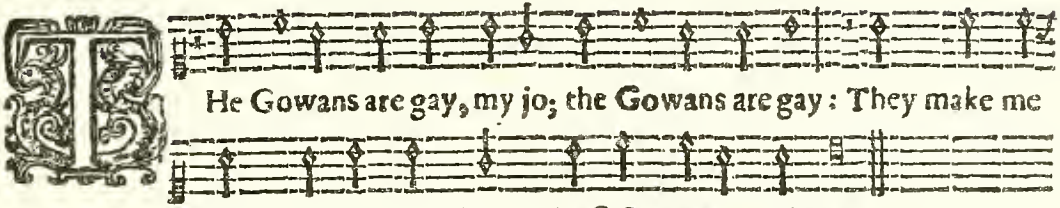
Fra ſhe appear into her Sphear, begins to clear
The dawning of my long deſired day:
Then Courage cryes on Hope to riſe, fra ſhe eſpyes
The noyſome night of abſence went away:
No wo can me awake, nor yet impeſh,
But on my ſtately ſtalk I flowriſh freſh.
I ſpring, I ſprout, my leaves break out;
My color changeth in an heartſom hew:
No more I lout, but ſtands up ſtout,
As glad of her, of whom I onlie grew.

O happie day! go not away, Apollo ſtay
Thy cart from going down into the VVeſt:
Of me thou make thy Zodiack, that I may take,
My pleaſure to behold whom I love beſt.
Her preſence me reſtores to life from death,
Her abſence alſo ſhores to cut my breath:
I wiſh in vain, thee to remain,
Since *Primum mobile* doth ſay me nay.
At leaſt, my vane, haſte ſoon again.
Fare-well, with patience perforce, till day.

F I N I S

THE

THE XIX. SONG.



THe Gowans are gay, my jo; the Gowans are gay: They make me wake when I ſhould ſleep, the firſt morning of May.

About the fields as I did paſs,
the Gowans are gay:
I chanc'd to meet a proper Laſs,
the firſt morning of May.

Right buſie was that bony Maid,
the Gowans are gay:
And I thereafter to her ſaid,
the firſt morning of May.

O Ladie fair, what do you here?
the Gowans are gay: (ſpear?
Gathring the dew, what needs you
the firſt morning of May.

The dew, quoth I, what can that meŭ;
the Gowans are gay:
She ſaid, To waſh my Ladie clean,
the firſt morning of May.

I asked farther at her ſine,
the Gowans are gay:
To my will if ſhe vvould incline,
the firſt morning of May.

She ſaid her erand vvas not there,
the Govvans are gay:
Her maiden-head on me to vvare,
the firſt morning of May

Thus left I her, and paſt my vvay,
the Gowans are gay:
Into a garden me to play,
the firſt morning of May.

(ſweet,
Where there were birds ſinging full
the Gowans are gay:
Unto me comfort was full meet,
the firſt morning of May.

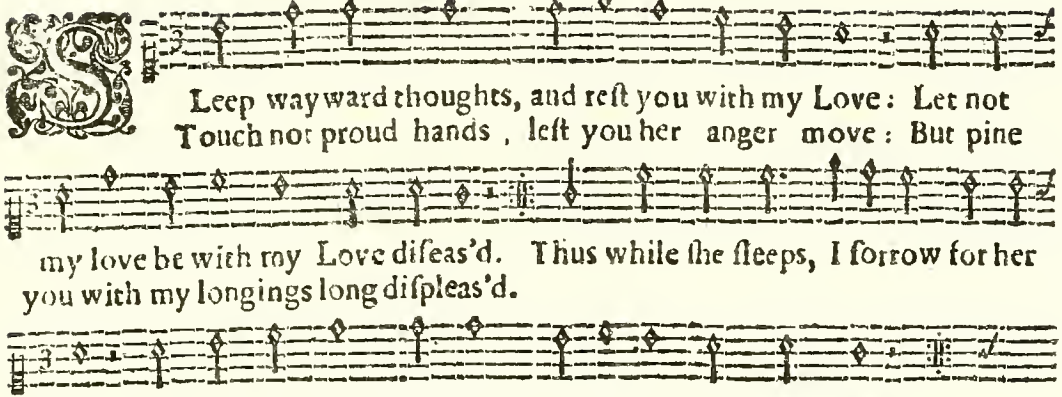
And thereabout I paſt my time,
the Gowans are gay:
VVhile that it was the hour of Prime,
the firſt morning of May.

And then returned home again,
the Gowans are gay:
Panſing what Maiden that had been,
the firſt morning of May.

FINIS.

THE

THE XX. SONG.



But, O the fury of my reſtleſs fear!
The hidden anguiſh of my fleſh deſires
The glories and the beauties that appear
Betwixt her brows, near Cupids cloſed fires.
Thus while ſhe ſleeps moves ſighing for her ſake;
So ſleeps my Love, my Love, and yet my Love doth wake

My Love doth rage, and yet my Love doth reſt;
Fear in my Love, and yet my Love ſecure:
Peace in my Love, and yet my Love oppreſt
Impatient, yet of perfect temperatour.
Sleep, dainty Love, while I ſigh for thy ſake.
So ſleeps my Love, my Love, and yet my Love doth wake

FINIS.

THE XXI. SONG.



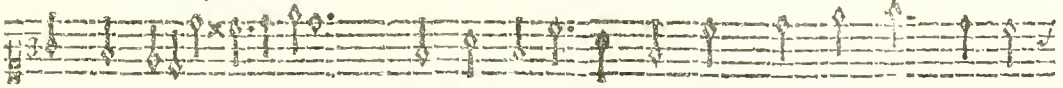
WHen Fa-ther A-dam firſt did flee, From preſence of the
his cloaths was ſhort ſcarce coverd his knee, The great God cry'd, and



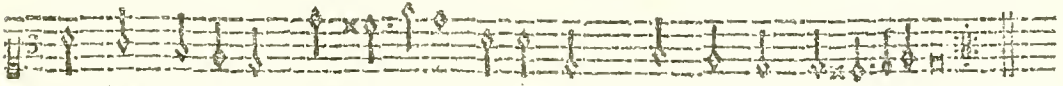
Lord his face, Stay Adam ſaith the Lord, Where art thou, Adam?
held him in chace. I was a-fraid to hear thy voice, And na-ked thus to



turn thee and ſtay: Who hath reveal'd to thee, That naked thou ſhouldſt be, Or
come in thy way:



haſt thou eaten of the tree, Which I cõmmded thee, It touch'd it ſhould not be,



Therefore beginneth thy miſerie, O Adam! poor Adam! I pity thee.

The

The Woman which thou gave to me
To be my helper, as I thought,
Did eat, and alſo counſel'd me,
Which now, alace! is dearly bought.
The Serpent falſe hath me beguil'd,
That rebel to thy Majeſty;
For to have us and ours exyl'd,
With his rebellious company.
That is no excuſe
To leave the Lord, and uſe
The counſel of thine enemie;
Bleſt freedom to refuſe,
Soul and body to abuſe:
Pity, O Adam! I pity thee:
O Adam! poor Adam! I pity thee.

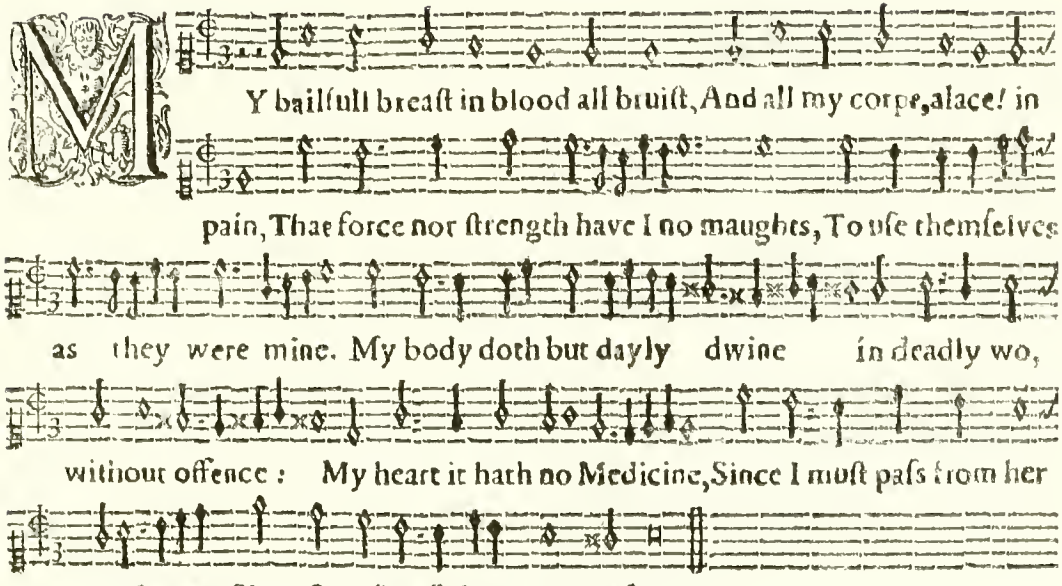
Yet for thy fault thou puniſht ſhalt be:
And in place of pleaſure and eaſe,
Nothing but labor ſhal be to thee:
Thy meat win with ſweat and diſeaſe.
And thou, O Eve! in ſtead of mirth,
And pleaſant Paradice preclair,
In grievous pains ſhal be thy birth,
With many a ſigh and groan full ſair:
Yet from thine enemie,
And Satans crueltie,
I will ſurely ay ſeet thee free,
If thou wilt turn to me,
Obey and thankful be:
Surely thou ſhalt be dear to me:
O Adam! poor Adam! dear ſhalt thou be.

But thou the Serpent that did go
So fliely up upon the field;
Shal on thy belly creep alſo;
The duſt ſhal be thy meat and bield:
Curſed ſhalt thou be for ever,
Enemy to the womans ſeed:
He ſhal prevail, but thou ſhalt never;
For he ſhal bruiſe thee on the head;
And ſhal reſtore again,
From death and endleſs pain,
My ſervant David to be with me,
Where he ſhal ay remain
With me his Soverain,
In joy and bleſs eternally:
O Adam! O Adam! thus ſhal it be.

Away went Satan moſt diſcontent,
Chriſt being promiſed for to reign:
And metamorphos'd his intent,
Through power of hismightie King.
Our freedom, Lord, we have from thee,
That bowels of mercie powred out
Upon thy whole poſterity,
Of thy free grace withoutten doubt.
Therefore we all humbly
Intreat thy Majeſtie,
That we may ever thankful be:
And for our ſins contrite:
Praying to thee moſt ſweet,
O Jeſus! dear Jeſus! have pity on me.
O Adam! dear Adam! I pity thee.

FINIS.

THE XXII. SONG.



Uncertain

Uncertain of the time and place,
When that we two ſhould meet again:
No force of all yet gave her grace,
VVould once relieve me of my pain.
Alace! fair words are but a train,
And ſerves thy body but a ſpace,
VVithout good hope, time's ſpent in vain:
I ſay no more, but oft, helas!

Alace that ever I ſaw her face,
Or had it in remembrance;
Alace! that ever I knew the place,
VVhere firſt we made our acquaintance:
VVo worth the love of ignorance,
To love where no love can abide.
VVo worth the framed ignorance,
Since dol'rous death muſt be my guide.

Albeit as yet I ſuffer pain,
Not all is vain, my time is ſpent:
For ſhe that hath my faithful heart,
VVould heart out of my bowels rent:
And alter many wits content,
VVho lifts to look on her a ſpace,
VVas never beautie more excellent,
But may be ſeen into her face.

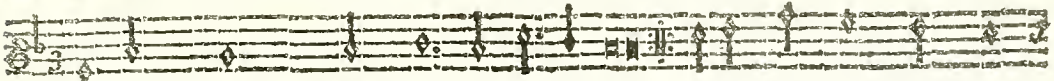
And yet ſuppoſe my heart were free
At liberty but any pain,
It were impoſſible to me,
But it would ſoon return again
To her with whom it did remain,
Above all earthly wight alive.
Sweet heart, relieve me of my pain:
Relieve me, or I end my life.

FINIS

THE *XXIII.* SONG.

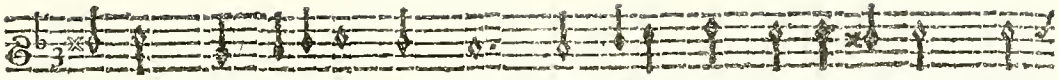


A Wake, ſweet Love, thou art return'd: My heart which long in
Let Love which ne-ver abſent dyes; Now live for e-ver

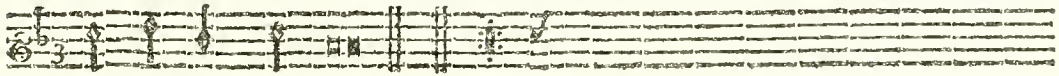


abſence mourn'd. Lives now in perfect joy. Only her ſelf hath ſeen
in her eyes, Whence came my firſt annoy. Diſpair did make me wiſh

med



med fair, She only I could love, She only drew me to diſpair, When
to die, That I my joys might end. She only which did make me flee, My



ſhe unkind did prove.
ſtate may now a-mend.

If ſhe eſteem thee now ought worth,
She will not grieve thy love henceforth
VVhich ſo diſpair hath prov'd.
Diſpair hath proved now in me,
That love will not unconſtant be,
Though long in vain I lov'd.
If ſhe at laſt reward my love,
And all my harmes repair.

Thy happineſs will ſweeter prove,
Rais'd up from deep diſpair:
And if that now thou welcome be,
VVhen thou with her do'ſt meet;
She all this while but play'd with thee,
To make thy joyes more ſweet.

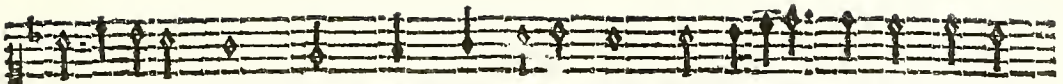
FINIS.

THE XXIV. SONG.

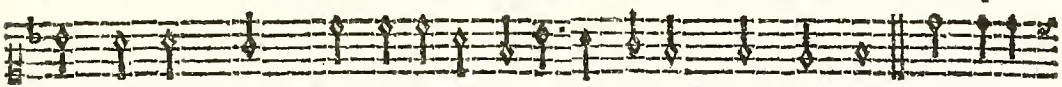


EVen Death, behold I breath; My breath procures my pain; Elſe

dolor



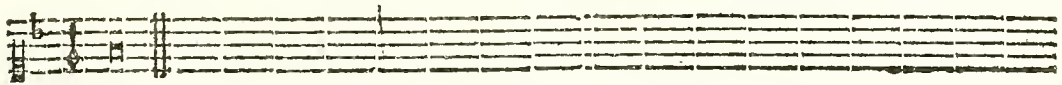
dolor after death, ſhould ſlack when I am ſlain. But deſtinies diſdain, ſo ſpan



my froward threed, But mercy to remain a Martyr quick and dead. O cruell



deadly feed! O rigor but remorſe! Since there is no remead, Come patience



perforce.

The Fates, my froward Fates,
With wicked vvierds have vvrought
My ſtate of all eſtates,
Unhappieſt to be thought.
Have I offended ought,
Or wrought againſt their vvill;
But mercie then they might
Conclude my corps to kill:
But as they have no skill,
Of reaſon, nor regard,
The innocent and ill,
Receive a like revvard.

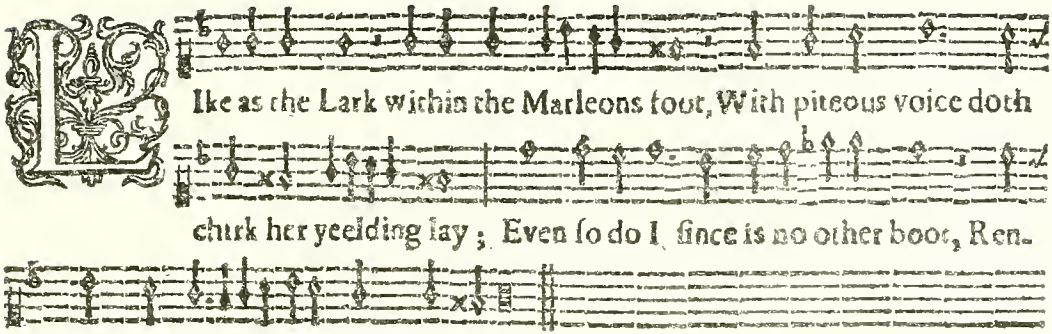
My heart but reſt or rove,
Reuth, reaſon or reſpect,
With fortuns death and love,
Is keeped under check,
That novv there is no neck,
Nor draught to make debate;
But needs muſt burſt and break,
For love muſt have his mate:
Relief, alace! is late,
Since I am forc'd to flie;
I ſtand in ſtrange eſtate,
I love, I dvvyn, I die.

Yet time ſhal try my truth,
And painful patient part;
Though love vvould rage but reuth,
And death vvith deadly dart
Should ſtay to cure my ſmart.
On fortunes fickle vvheel,
All ſhal not change my heart,
Which is as true as ſteel:
I am not like an Eel,
To ſlip avvay and ſlide;
Love, fortune, death, farevvel,
Where I am bound, I'le bide.

FINIS.

THE

THE *XXV.* SONG.



Your vertue mounts above my force ſo hie,
That with your beauties ſeas'd I am ſo ſure,
That there remains reſiſtance none in me;
But patiently your pleaſure to endure.

And in your will my fancie ſhal depend,
My life and death conſiſts into your will:
I rather would my life were at an end,
Then in diſpair this way continue ſtill.

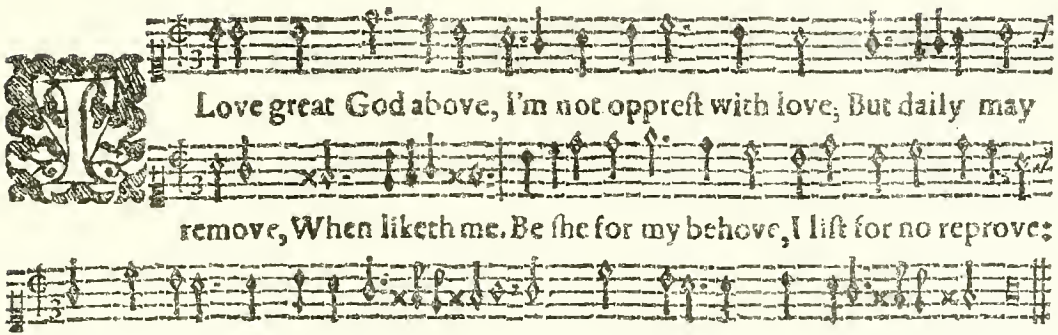
Wounded I am, with deadly darts dint,
Fetter'd with fetters, diſpairing of relief;
Lying in langor as careful captive tint,
And ye the cauſe of all my wo and grief,

And ſince there is no pity more in place,
But that your cruelty doth thriſt my blood:
I am content to have no other grace,
But let it out, if it may do you good.

FINIS.

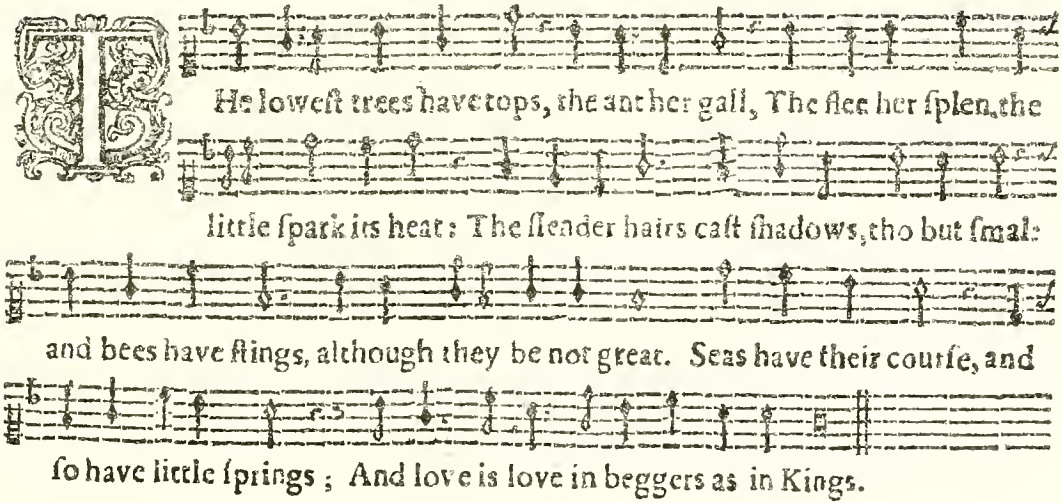
THE

THE *XXVI.* SONG.



I ſee Lovers anew,
That are both truſt and true,
For love changes hide and hew,
And blaikned be,
When ſhe liſts not to rew,
Why ſhould I more purſue?
Ay when I liſt to love, I may let be,
And chooſe another Love that will
love me.
Since wicked variance,
And falſe diſſanulance,
And double inconſtance
Beareth the gree:
Since faithful obſervance,
Can get no recompence:
Ay when I liſt to love, I may let be,
And chooſe another Love that will
love me.
Since faith cannot be found,
Nor pity can abound,
Why ſhould I run on ground,
And cannot flee?
As good love loſt as found,
Far better looſe then bound:
Ay when I liſt to love, I may let be,
And chooſe another Love that will
love me.
Since I am not her meaſe;
She is ſo ill to pleaſe,
Love doth her moſt diſeaſe,
That cannot flee.
Since as good comes as goes,
My heart yet ſhal I raiſe:
Ay when I liſt to love, I may let be,
And chooſe another Love that will
love me. *FINIS.*

THE XXVII. SONG.



Where waters ſmootheſt are, deep are the Foords:
The dyal ſtirs, yet none perceives it move:
The firmeſt faith is in the feweſt words:
The turtles cannot ſing, and yet they love:
True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongue to ſpeak;
They hear, and ſee, and ſigh, and then they break.

The Anſwere.

Buſhes have tops, but the Cedar greater:
A hair caſts ſhadow leſs then Pharaohs towr:
The ſpark caſts heat, but greater heat the fire,
A bee can ſting, not like a ſcorpions power,

Seas

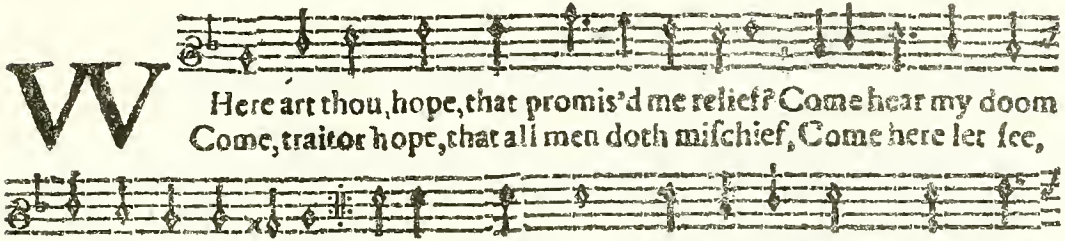
Seas have their courſe, and ſo have little ſprings:
So beggars love, but greater love have Kings.

Rough are deep ſeas, when ſmooth run ſhallow foords,
The ratt makes noiſe, before the dyal move.

The firmeſt faith is ſtill confirm'd with words,
And turtles mourn in looſing of their love.
If hearts have eyes and ears, the tongue can ſpeak:
They'l hear, and ſee, and ſigh before they'l break.

FINIS.

THE XXVIII. SONG.



I had

I had a heart, and now I heartleſs go:
I had a mind that dayly was oppreſt:
I had a friend that's now become my fo,
I had a will, yet can I get no reſt.
What have I now? nothing I trow,
But ſpite where I had joy.
What am I then? a heartleſs man:
Should love me thus deſtroy?
I love and ſerve one whom I do regard,
Yet for my love, diſdain is my reward.

If promis'd faith, and ſecret love intend,
And chooſe but doubt, I thought I had done well;
If fixed eye and inward heart do bind
A man in love, as now my heart doth feel;
What pain is love? Or what may move
A man for to diſpair?
Nothing ſo great as hie deſpite
Of his ſweet Lady fair:
Such is my chance, as now I moſt confeſs:
I love a love though ſhe be mercileſs.

What pain can pierce a heart that I do want,
If love be pain that doth anie ſubdue?
What pain can force a bodie to be faint?
If love be pain, how can I pain eſchew?
Since I am faſt, knit to the maſt,
This torment to indure,
And have no might, by law nor right,
My Lady to procure:
What ſhal I ſay, ſince will gain-ſtands the law?
I have a will, yet will makes me ſtand aw.

Where ſhal I go to hide my weary face?
Where ſhal I find a place for my defence?
Where is my love, who is the meeteſt place
Of all the earth that is my confidence:
She hath my heart, till I depart,
Let her do what ſhe liſt;
I cannot mend, but ſtill depend,
And dayly to inſiſt.
To purchaſe love, if love my love deſerve;
If not for love, let love my body ſterve.

Come here, ye Gods, and judge my cauſe aright;
Hear my complaint before ye me condemn:
Take you befote my Ladie moſt of might:
Let not the wolf devore the ſilly lamb.
If ſhe may ſay, both night or day,
That ev'r I did her wrong,
My mind ſhal be, with cruelty,
To ly in priſon ſtrong;
Then ſhal ye ſave a ſakeleſs man from pain,
Try well my cauſe, and then remove diſdain.

O Lady fair whom I do honor moſt,
Your name and fame within my breaſt I have:
Let not my love and labor thus be loſt;
But ſtill in mind, I pray you, to ingraff,
That I am true, and ſhal not rue
A word that I have ſaid:
I am your man, do what ye can,
When all theſe playes are play'd;
Then ſave your ſhip unbroken on the ſand,
Since man and goods are all at your command.

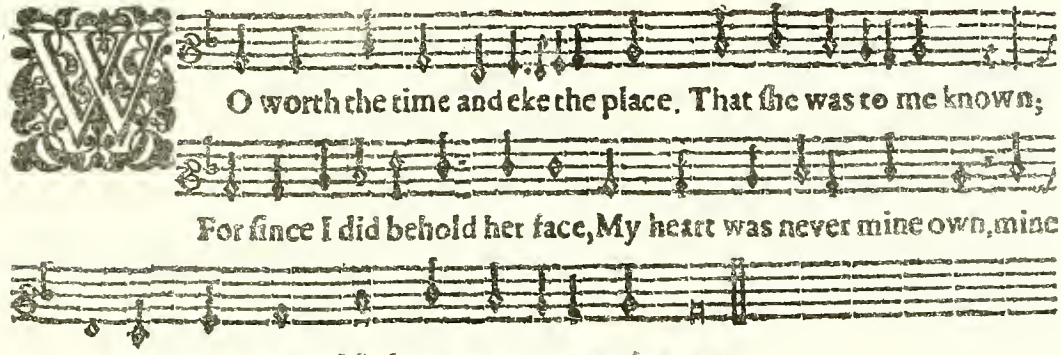
Then chooſe to keep or loſs that ye have done,
Your friendly friend doth make you this requeſt:
Let not friends come us Lovers two between,
Since late deteſted caus'd you me to deteſte.

Keep

Keep hope in ſtore, you to deplore,
Conquer your friend indeed:
Remember ay, will come the day,
When friends a friend will need:
You have a friend ſo friendlie and ſo true,
Keep well your friend: I ſay no more, Adue.

FINIS.

THE XXIX. SONG.



Sometime I liv'd at libertie,
But now I do not ſo:
She hath my heart ſo faithfullie,
That I can love no mo, no mo jo, no mo,
That I can love no mo.

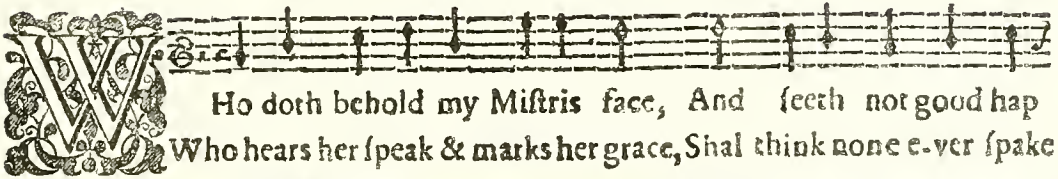
To be refus'd of love, alace!
All earthly things, adue.
My Miſtris ſhe is mercileſs,
And will not on me rue, me rue jo, me rue,
And will not on me rue.

Now am I left all comfortleſs,
And no remead can crave:
My pains they are remeadileſs,
And all the wite you have, you have jo
And all the wite you have. (you have

FINIS.

THE

THE *XXX.* SONG.



Who knows her wit & not admires,
Shal think himſelf void of all skill:
Her vertues kindles ſtrong deſires,
In thoſe who think upon her ſtill.
In ſhort, for to reſound her praiſe,
She is the faireſt, the faireſt, the faireſt,
the faireſt of her days.

Her red is like unto the roſe,
When from a bud unto the Sun:
Her comely colors doth diſcloſe
The firſt degree of ripeneſs won.
In ſhort, for to reſound her praiſe,
She is the faireſt, the faireſt, the faireſt,
the faireſt of her days.

And with the red is mixt a white,
Like to the ſame of fair Moon-ſhine,
That doth upon the water light,
And makes the color ſeem divine.
In ſhort for to reſound her praiſe,
She is the faireſt, the faireſt, the faireſt,
the faireſt of her days.

I N I S.

THE

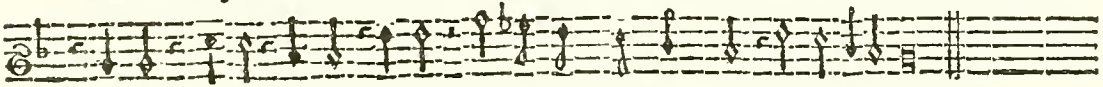
THE XXXI. SONG.



THough your ſtrangeneſs frets my heart, Yet muſt I not complain:
You perſwade me it's but Art, Which ſecret love muſt fain.



If another you affect, It's but a toy to avoid ſuſpect; Is this fair excuſing?



O no, O no, O no, O no, O no no, no, no, no, all is abuſing.

When your wiſht ſight I deſire,
Suſpition ye pretend,
Cauſleſs ye your ſelf retire,
Whilſt I in vain attend:
Thus a Lover, as you ſay,
Still made more eager by delay,
I this fair excuſing;
O no, O no, O no, O no,
O no, no, no, no, no,
All is abuſing.

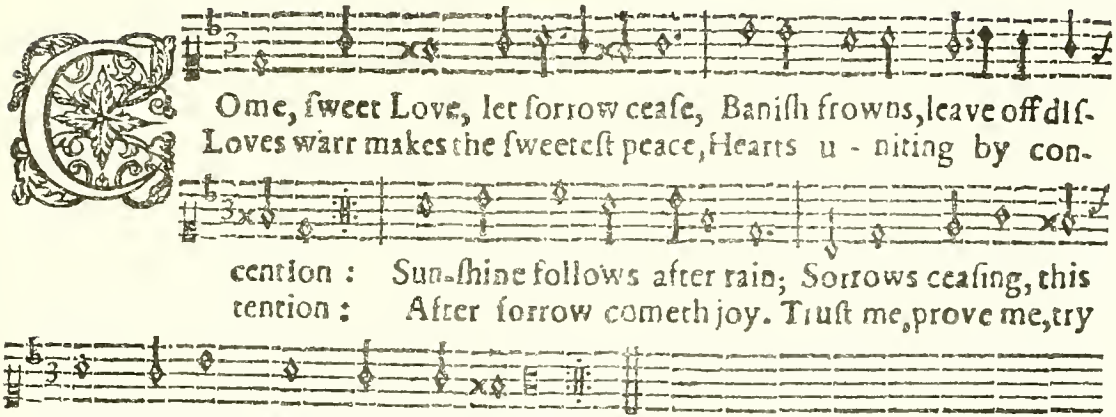
When another holds your hand,
You'l ſwear I hold your heart:
While my Rival cloſs doth ſtand,
And I ſit far apart,
I am nearer yet then they,
Hid in your boſom, as you ſay:
Is this fair excuſing?
O no, O no, O no, O no,
O no, no, no, no, no,
All is abuſing.

Would a Rival then I were,
Or elſe your ſecret friend;
So much leſs ſhould I you fear,
And not ſo much attend:
They enjoy you everie one,
Yet muſt I ſeem your friend alone.
Is this fair excuſing?
O no, O no, O no, O no,
O no, no, no, no, no,
All is abuſing.

FINIS.

THE

THE *XXXII.* SONG.



Winter hides his froſtie face,
Bluſhing ever to be more moved:
Spring returns with pleaſant grace:
Flora's treaſures are renewed.
Lambs rejoice to ſee the Spring;
Leapping, skipping, ſporting, tripping:
Birds for joy do ſing.
Let your ſprings of joy renew:

Colling, clapping, kiſſing, bleſſing,
And give Love his due.

See this bright ſhine of thine eyes
Clouded now with dark diſdaining:
Shal ſuch ſtormy tempeſts riſe,
To ſet Loves fair day a raining?
Men are glad the ſky being clear,

Lightly

Lightly toying, ſporting, joying
With their lovely pier :
But are ſad to ſee the ſhour
Sadly dropping, louring, pouting,
Turning ſweet to ſour.

Then, ſweet Love, diſperſs this cloud,
Which procutes this woful toying :
When each creature ſings aloud,
Killing hearts with over-joying :
Everie Dove doth ſeek her mate ;
Jointlie billing, ſhe is willing,
Sweets of love to take.
With ſuch warrs let us contend,
Wooing, doing, wedding, bedding,
This our ſtrife ſhal end.

FINIS.
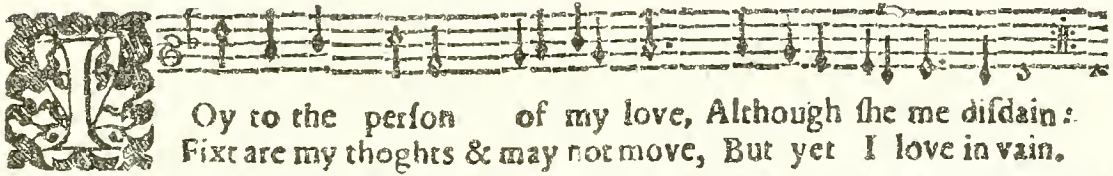
THE XXXIII. SONG.

SWeet Kate, of late, ran away, and left me plaining, Tee; hee,
Abide, I cry'd, or I die with thy diſdaining. Never
hee, quoth ſhe, gladely would I ſee, Any man to die for loving.
any yet, d'yd of ſuch a fit, Neither have I fear of proving.

Unkind, I find, thy delights are in tormenting,
Abide, I cry'd, or I die with thy diſdaining.
Tee, hee, hee, quoth ſhe, make no fool of me ;
Men, I know, will have oaths at pleaſure :
But their hopes at end, they bewray their fain'd,
And their oaths are kept at leaſure.

Her words, like ſwords, cut my ſory heart aſunder.
Her flouts with doubts, keep my heart affections under
Tee, hee, hee, quoth ſhe, what a fool is he
Stands in aw of once denying ?
Cauſe I had enough, to become more rough,
So I did a happy trying.

THE XXXIV. SONG.



Oy to the perſon of my love, Although ſhe me diſdain:
Fixt are my thoghts & may not move, But yet I love in vain.

Shal I looſe the ſight, Of my joy & hearts delight? Or ſhal I leave my ſute?
Shal I ſtrive to touch? Oh! no, it were too much; She is the forbidden fruit.

Oh! wo is me, that ever I did ſee; The beauty that did me bewitch:
Yet out, alace! I muſt forgo that face, The treaſour I eſteem'd ſo much.

O! ſhal I range into ſome dale?
Or to the mountains mourn?
Sad echoes ſhal reſound my tale:
Or whether ſhal I turn?
Shal I buy that love,
No life to me will give,
But deeply wounds my heart?

If I flee away,
She will not to me ſay, ſtay,
My ſorrows to convert.
O no, no, no, ſhe will not once ſay ſo;
But comfortleſs I muſt be gone:
Yet though ſhe be ſo thrawart unto me,
I'le love her, or I ſhal love none.

O! that

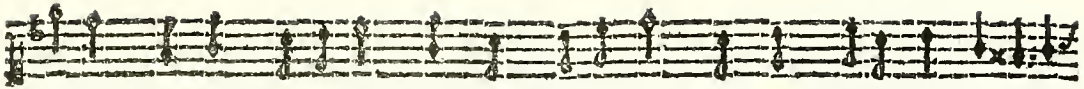
O! that I might but underſtand
The reaſons of her hate,
To him would be at her command,
In love, in life, in ſtate:
Then ſhould I no more
In heart be griev'd ſo ſore,
Nor ſad with diſcontent.
But ſince that I have lov'd
A Maid that ſo hath prov'd
Unworthie, I do repent.
Something unkind hath ſetled in her mind,
That cauſed her to leave me ſo:
Sweet, ſeem to me but half ſo kind to be,
Or let me the occaſion know.

Thouſand fortuns fall to her ſhare,
Though ſhe rejected me,
And fill'd my heart full of diſpair,
Yet ſhal I conſtant be.
For ſhe is the Dame
My tongue ſhal ever name,
Fair branch of modeſtie,
Chaſte of heart and mind.
Oh! were ſhe half ſo kind,
Then would ſhe pity me.
Sweet, turn at laſt, be kind as thou art chaſte,
And let me in thy boſom dwel;
So ſhal we gain the pleaſure of loves pain:
Till then, my deareſt Love, Farevvell.

FINIS.

THE *XXXV.* SONG.

A Way, vain world, bewitcher of my heart: My ſorrows ſhows my ſins makes me to ſmart: Yet will I not diſpair, But to my God repair,



repair. He hath mercy ay, therefore will I pray: He hath mercy ay, and loves



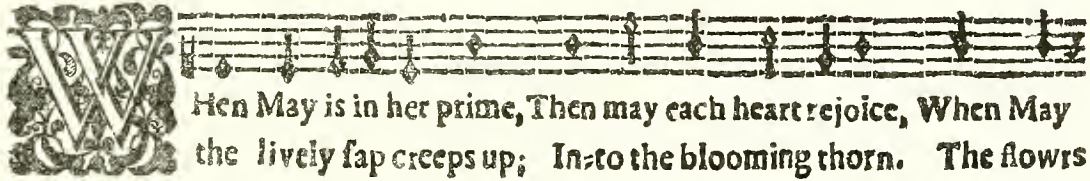
me, Though by his humbling hand he proves me.

Avvay, avvay, too long thou haſt me ſnar'd:
I vvill not ſpend more time: I am prepar'd.
Thy ſubtil ſlights ſo ſlie, they have deceived me:
Though they ſvveetly ſmile, ſliely they beguile:
Though they ſvveetly ſmile, forget them:
The ſimple lilly ſoul rejects them.

Once more, avvay, though loath the vvorld to leave.
Biddeth oft avvay vvith that helliſh ſlave.
Loath am I to forgo, that ſvveet alluring ſo.
Though thy vvays be vain, ſhal I thee retain?
Though thy vvays be vain, I quite thee:
Thy pleaſure ſhal no more delite me.

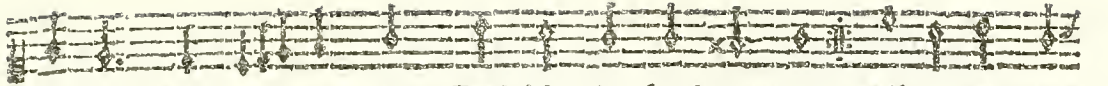
FINIS

THE *XXXVI.* SONG.



When May is in her prime, Then may each heart rejoice, When May the lively ſap creeps up; Into the blooming thorn. The flowrs

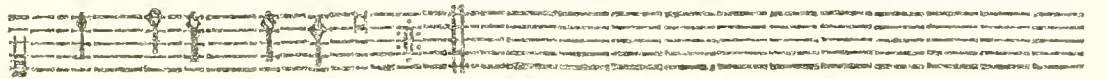
is



is busk'd with branches green, Each bird ſets forth her voice; All natures imps from cold is preſent kept, Doth laugh the froſt to ſcorn,



triumphs while joyfull May doth laſt. Take May in time, when May is gone,



The pleaſant time is paſt.

May makes the chearful hew,
May breeds and brings new blood,
May marcheth throughout every limb
May makes the merry mood.
May pricketh tender hearts,
Their warbling notes to tune,
Full ſtrange it is that ſome we ſee,
Do make their May in June.
Thoſe things are ſtrangely wrought,
While joyful May doth laſt,
Take May in time, when May is gone,
The pleaſant time is paſt.
Take May in time, when May is gone,
The pleaſant time is paſt.

All ye that live on earth,
And have your May at will,
Rejoice in May, as I do now,
And uſe your May with skill:
Uſe May when that ye may,
For May hath but a time;
When all the fruit is gone, it is
Too late the tree to climb.
Your liking and your luſt,
Is freſh while May doth laſt,
Take May in time, when May is gone
The pleaſant time is paſt.
Take May, &c.

The Second Part.

When time and ſpace is ſpent,
Then may each heart be fear'd:
Whē beyōd time the Judge ſhal come
In wrath, what ſtrength can bear't;
Then Judges all perverſe,
Shal ſigh that they were born,
When caſt in everlaſting fire,
Becauſe the truth they ſcorn
All Natures imps ſhal mourn,
When wealth and eaſe is paſt;
Take time in time, when time is gone
Eternity comes laſt.
Take time in time, when time is gone
Eternity comes laſt.

In time well ſpent, rejoice,
For that's the way to reſt;
Time is that point wherein the Lord
Hates evil, and loves the beſt.
Pray for a tender heart:
Bear here your griefand pain:

For

For time it is that many are,
Who ſpend their life in vain.
That things be ſtrangely wrought,
Before all time is paſt.
Though time be now, it ſhal not be,
Eternity comes laſt,
Though time, &c.

All ye that be in time,
And hath your time but ſhort,
Redeem your time, as God cõmands,
I humbly you exhort:
Uſe time while ye have time,
For time will have an end:
When all your life-time ſhal be ſpent,

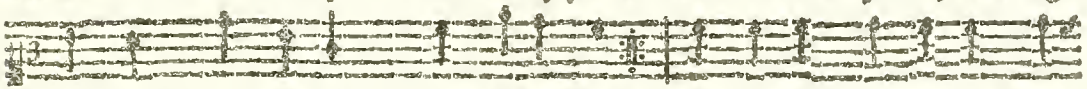
It is too late to mend.
Your liking and your luſt
Shal ceaſe when time is paſt:
Spend well your time, when time is gone,
Eternity comes laſt.
Spend well your time, when time is gone
Eternity comes laſt.

FINIS.

THE XXXVII. SONG.



BRave Mars begins to rouſe, and he doth bend his brows. Bo-
He that may looſe the field, yet let him ne-ver yeeld, Though



reas burſts out in blows, great Eneas fire. When cannons are roaring, and
thouſands ſhould be kill'd, let ſouldiers try it.



bullets are flying, He that would honor win, muſt not fear dying.

Though

Though *Conſtantin* be dead,
who left us honor,
And taught brave Chriſtian Kings
under his banner.
Pagans amazed ſtood,
in a great wonder,
To ſee brave Chriſtians come,
like claps of thunder.
When Canons, &c.

Rais'd are the Worthies nyne,
and now aſcending;
Ev'n by a power divyne,
now peace is ending:
So many Chriſtian Kings
with them to enter,
Againſt their fierceſt foes:
that's brave adventure.
When Canons, &c.

Souldiers with ſwords in hands,
to the walls coming,
Horſe-men about the ſtreets,
ryding and running:
Sentinells on the walls,
arme, arme, a crying,
Pittards againſt the ports,
wyld fire a flying.
When Canons, &c.

Trumpets on turrets hye,
theſe are a ſounding,
Drums beating out aloud,
echoes refounding:
Alarm-bells in each place,
they are a ringing,
Women with ſtones in laps,
to the walls bringing.
When Canons, &c.

Captains in open fields,
on their foes ruſhing,
Gentlemen ſeconds them,
with their Picks puſhing,
Ingyniers in the trench
earth, earth uprearing,
Gun-powder in the mynes,
Pagans upblowing.
When Canons, &c.

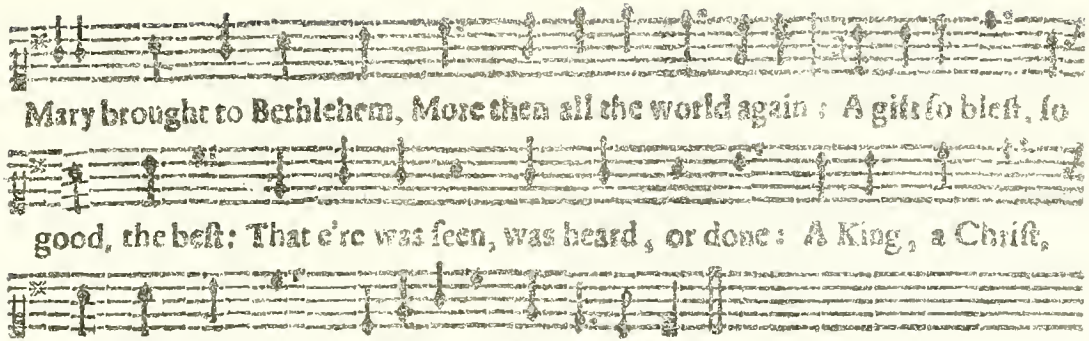
Portculzies in the ports
they are down letting,
Burgers comes flocking by,
too their hands ſetting:
Ladders againſt the wall,
they are uprearing,
Women great timber bogs
to the walls bearing.
When Canons, &c.

F I N I S.

THE *XXXVIII.* SONG.



Urie came to Iebus-Salem; All the world was taxed then; Bleſſed Mary



Mary brought to Bethlehem, More then all the world again : A gift ſo bleſt, ſo good, the beſt: That e're was ſeen, was heard, or done: A King, a Chriſt, Propher, and Prieſt; Jeſus to us, to God a Son.

O, happy night! a day was never
Half ſo happy, ſweet and fair:
Singing ſouldiers, bleſſed ever,
Fill the skyes with ſweeteſt air.
Amaz'd men fear, they ſee, they hear,
Yet doubt, and ask, How that was done?
'Twas bid, Be bold; it is fore-told,
This night God hath himſelf a Son.

'Twas upon a Comets blazing,
Rome to *Auguſtus* ſaid,
This fore-ſhows an act amazing,
Of a mother, ſtill a maid.
A Babe ſhal bear, which all muſt fear,
And ſuddenly it muſt be done.
Yea, Ceſar thou, to him muſt bow;
Hee's Jeſus, God, a Man, a Son.

Subtil *Herod* ſought to find him,
With a purpoſe black as hell:
But a greater power combyn'd him,
And his purpoſe did repell.
Who ſhould betray, do all obey,
As fitting was it ſhould be done.
They all adore, and kneel before
This Jeſus, God, a Man, a Son.

There appear'd a golden Uſher,
Kings attending on the train:
The bright Sun could not out-bluſh her,
Such a ſtar ne're ſhone again.
Behold it ſtays, ſeeming it ſays,
Go in and ſee what there is done:
A Babe, whoſe birth leagues heaven and earth:
Jeſus to us, to God a Son.

Was

Was not this a bleſſed wonder,
God was man, and Man was God:
Fooliſh Jews miſtook the thunder
Should proclaim their King abroad.
Angels they ſing, Behold the King,
In Bethlehem where this was done.
Then we as they, rejoice and ſay;
We have a Saviour, God a Son.

The Second Part.

TUrn your eyes that are affixed
On this worlds deceiving things,
And with joy and ſorrow mixed,
Look upon the King of Kings;
Who left his Thron, with joys unknown,
Took fleſh like ours, like us drew breath:
For us to die, here fix your eye,
And think upon his precious death.

See him in the garden praying,
While his ſad Diſciples ſleept:
See him in the garden ſweating
Drops of blood, and how he wept.
As man he was, he wept, alace!
And trembling fear'd to looſe his breath;
Yet to heav'ns will, he yeelded ſtill:
Then think upon his precious death.

See him by the ſouldiers taken,
When with a kiſs, and a kiſs,
He that heav'n had quite forſaken,
Had betray'd him, and with this:

Behold him bound, and guarded round,
To Caiphas brought to looſe his breath:
There ſee the Jews, heav'ns King abuſe,
And think upon his precious death.

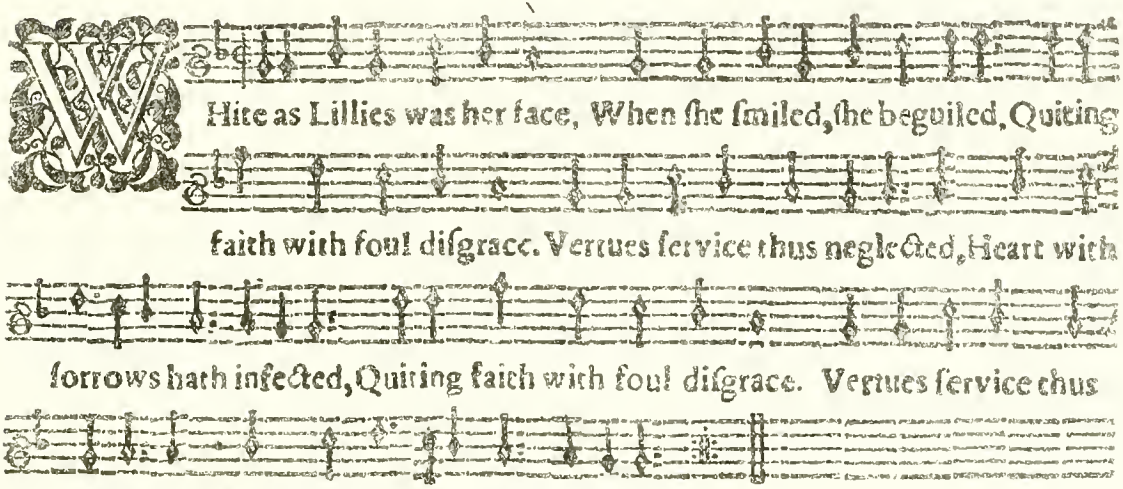
See him in the hands of Pilate,
Like a baſe offender ſtript,
See the moan and tears they ſmile at,
While they ſee our Saviour whipt.
Behold him bleed, his purple weed,
Record while ye have life and breath:
His taunts and ſcorns, his crown of thorns:
O I think upon his precious death.

See him in the hour of parting,
Hanging on the bloody Croſs.
See his wounds, conceive his ſmarting,
And our gain, by his lifs loſs.
On either ſide, a fellow dy'd,
The one derides him, leaving breath;
The other prays, and humbly ſays,
Lord, ſave me by thy precious death.

See as in thoſe pangs he thriſted,
And that to cool him he did call:
How theſe Jews, like Judas curſed,
Bring him vinegar and gall.
His Spirit then, to heav'n again,
Commending with his lateſt breath:
The world he leaves, which men deceives.
Lord, keep us by thy precious death.

FINIS.

THE *XXXIX.* SONG.



When I fvvore my heart her ovvn,
She disdained, I compiained,
Yet she left me overthrovvn;
Careless of my bitter groaning,
Ruthless bent to no relieving

Vovvs and oaths, and faith assured,
Constant ever, changing never,
Yet she could not be procured,
To believe my pains exceeding,
From her skant neglect proceeding.

O! that Love should have the Arte
By surmises, and disguises,
To destroy a faithful heart;
Or that vvanton looking vvomen,
Should reward their friends as so-men.

All

All in vain is Ladies love,
Quickly chooſed, ſhortly looſed;
For their pride is to remove
Our, alace! their looks firſt vvins us
And their pride hath ſtraight undone (us.

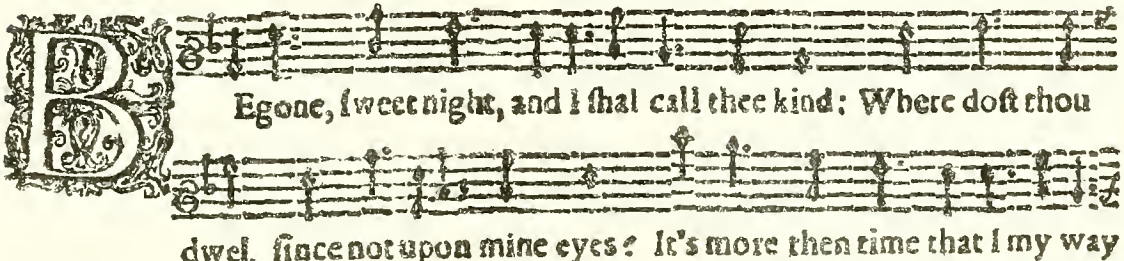
To thy ſelf, the ſvveeteſt fair,
Thou haſt wounded, and confounded
Changeleſs faith vvith foul diſpair,
And my ſervice hath envied,
And my ſuccours hath denied.

By thine error thou haſt loſt
Heart unfained, truth unſtained,
And the Svvain that loved moſt:
More aſſured in love then they,
More deſpiſed in love then any.

For my heart, though ſet at nought,
Since you vvill it ſpoil, and kill it,
I vvill never change my thought:
But grieve that Beauty e're vvas born,
To baniſh love vvith frovvard ſcorn.

FINIS.

THE XL. SONG.





art too nigh of kin, To come or go, as thy deſires have been.

Ariſe, bright Day, it's time to claim thy right;
Diſperſe the clouds, and with thy golden beams,
Both comfort me, and ſtrick the churliſh Night,
That would not go and yeeld me pleaſant dreams.
Ariſe, ariſe.
And with thy roſie fingers point me where ſhe lyes:
Teach me but once, and put me in her ſight,
That I may know who gives the greateſt light.

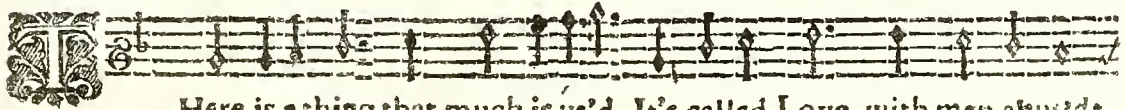
Stay, gentle Night, leſt thou prove more unkind,
To leave us languiſh, who enjoys our love:
Go not away, but let us here confin'd,
Nor part us from theſe pleaſures which we prove.
But ſtay, oh! ſtay:
For I muſt go, and love my Love, if you peep Day:
And if you do, you turn ſo ſoon again,
That our deſires may feel no worlds diſdain.

Let never riſing Day bereave thee of thy right,
Who can betray thee with his golden beams.
Let us enjoy thee ſtill, ſweet gentle Night,
That we may ſurfit in thoſe pleaſant dreams.
Adviſe, adviſe:
And never let the light of Day ſhine where ſhe lyes:
But if thou doſt, or let me in her ſight,
There is no doubt, ſhe gives the greater light.

And if thou wilt to Day reſign thy due,
And ſo divorce me from my ſweeteſt Dear,
In ſecret ſilence ſhal my heart ſo rue,
Wiſhing the Day were done, if you were there;
That ſhe, that ſhe,
And I, may ſpend the ſilent Night where we would be;
Where pratling Day dare never more appear,
Nor yet preſent to wrong my deareſt Dear.

FINIS.

THE XLI. SONG.

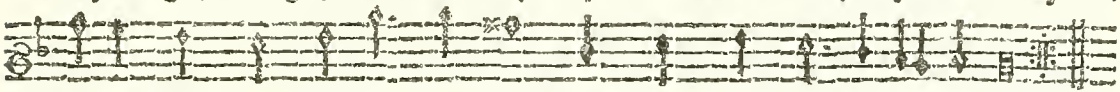


Here is a thing that much is us'd, It's called Love, with men abus'd:

They



They wrigh, and ſigh, and ſwear they die; When all is done, they know they lie.



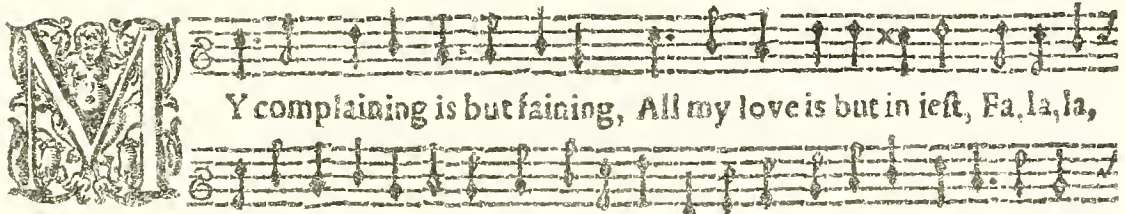
But let them ſwear by faith and truth, I'le ſwear they care not for an oath.

They firſt muſt have a Miſtris fair,
And then her favor for to wear:
And ſo they go to flatteries ſchool,
And calls her wife, they know a fool:
But let them ſwear by faith and truth,
I'le ſwear they care not for an oath.

It is a practiſe in this Age,
To lay their credit into gage,
By wit, by vowes, by neat attire,
To conqueſt that they moſt deſire.
But let them ſwear by faith and truth,
I'le ſwear they care not for an oath.

FINIS

THE XLII. SONG.



MY complaining is but fayning, All my love is but in ieſt, Fa, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

And



And my courting is but ſporting, In moſt ſhowing, meaning leaſt. La, la, la, la,



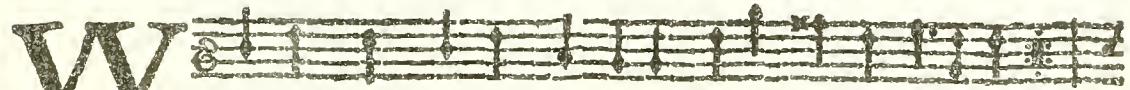
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Outward ſadneſs, inward gladneſs,
Repreſenting in my mind, Fa, la, la, &c.
In moſt fayning, moſt obtaining,
Such good faith in love I find, Fa, la, la, &c.

Towards Ladies this my trade is,
Two minds in one breaſt I wear, Fa, la, la, &c.
And my meaſure at my pleaſure,
Yee and flame my face doth bear, Fa, la, la, &c.

FINIS.

THE XLIII. SONG.



With my Love, my life was neſted; In the Sun of happineſs;
From my Love, my life was wreſted, To a world of heavineſs.



O let love my life remove; Sith I live not where I love.
O let love my life remove; Sith I live not where I love.
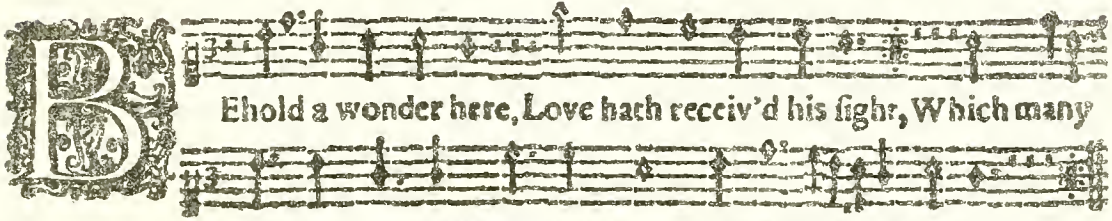
Where

Where the truth once was, and is not,
Shadows are but vanities.
Showing want, that help they cannot,
Are but slaves of miseries.
Painted meat no hunger feeds,
Dying life each death exceeds.

O / true Love, since thou hast left me,
Mortal life is tedious:
Death it is to live without thee:
Death of all most odious.
Turn again, and take me with thee,
Let me die, or live you with me.

F I N I S.

THE XLIV. SONG.



Such beams infused be
By Cynthia in his eyes,
As first have made him see,
And then have made him wise.

Love now no more will weep
From them that laugh the while;
Nor wake for them that sleep,
Nor sigh for them that smile.

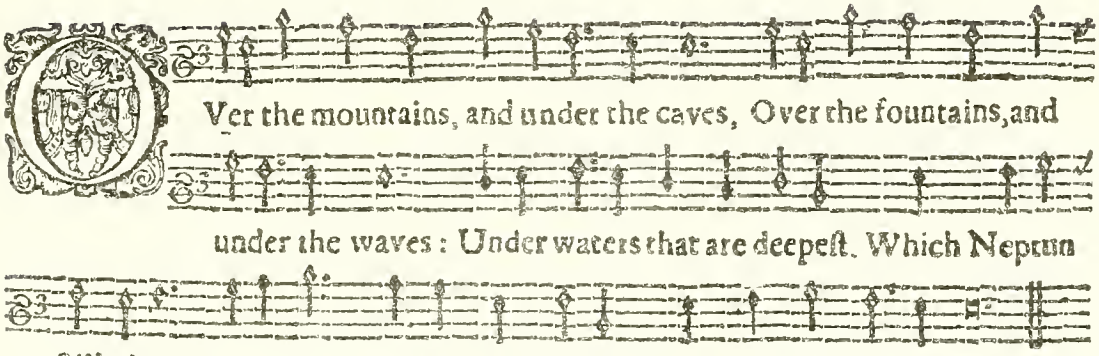
So powerful is the Beautie,
That Love doth now behold,
As Love is turn'd to dutie,
That's neither blind nor bold.

This Beautie shows her might
To be of double kind,
In giving Love his sight,
And striking Folly blind.

F I N I S.

THE

THE XLV. SONG.



Some may eſteem him a childe by his force,
Or ſome they may deem him a coward, that's worſe:
But if ſhe whom he doth honor,
Be conſenting to play,
Set twenty guards about her,
Love will find out his way.

Many do looſe him by proving unkind;
Or ſome may ſuppoſe him, poor heart, to be blind
But if ne're ſo cloſe ye wall him,
Do the beſt that ye may:
Blind Love, if ye do call him,
He will grope out his way.

Well may the Eagle ſtoup down the firſt,
Or nets to inveagle the Phenix of the Eaſt:
With tears ye may move the Tyger
To give over his prey;
But never ſtop a Lover:
Love will find out his way.

If th'earth doth part them, he'l ſoon courſe it o're;

If

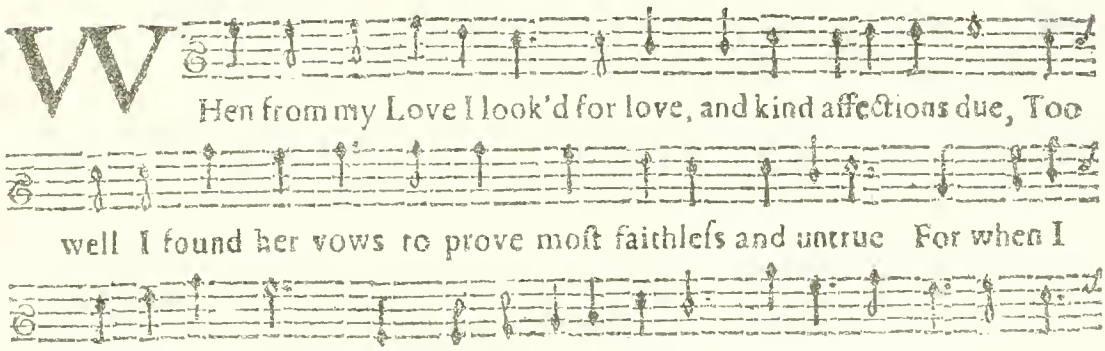
If seas do thwart them, hee'l swim to the shore:
If his Love become a swallow,
In the air for to stay,
Love will find wings to follow,
And swift flee out his way.

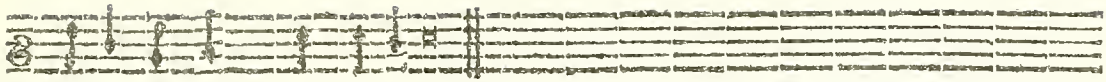
Where is no place for the glow-worm to ly,
Where is no trace for the feat of a flee,
Where the gnat dare never venture,
Left her self fast she lay:
But if Love come hee'l enter,
And will find out his way.

There is no striving to cross his intent,
There is no contriving his plots to prevent;
For if once the message greet him,
That his true Love doth stay,
Though Demons come and meet him
He will go on his way.

FINIS.

THE XLVI. SONG.





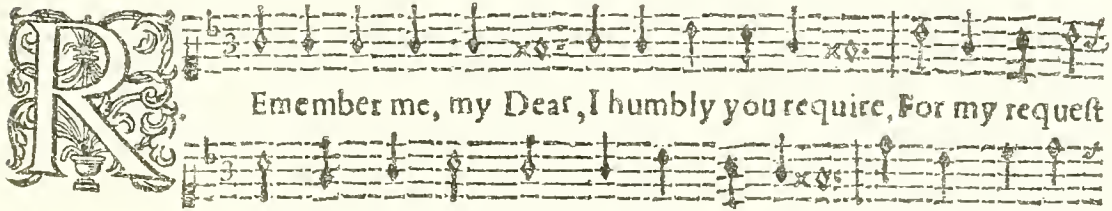
agree to love, but jeſtingly.

Mark but the ſubtil policies
that female lovers find,
Who loves to fix their conſtancies,

like feathers in the vvind
Although they ſvvear and do proteſt
they love you chiefly beſt,

Yet by and by, they'l all deny,
and ſay, *It vvas but jeſt.*
F I N I S.

THE XLVII. SONG.



Emember me, my Dear, I humbly you require, For my requeſt

that loves you beſt, With faithful heart intire, My heart ſhal reſt

within your breaſt, Remember me, my Dear.

Remember me, alace!
And let all rigor paſs,
That I may proye in you ſome love,

To my joy and ſolace.
True love to move, *I* muſt behove;
Remember me, alace!

Remember me in pain,
With unkindneſs nowe ſlain:
That through delay of cruel vvay,

That

That in you doth re nain,
Remit, I ſay, alace! away:
Remember me in pain.

Remember on me, dear Heart,
That of pains hath my part:

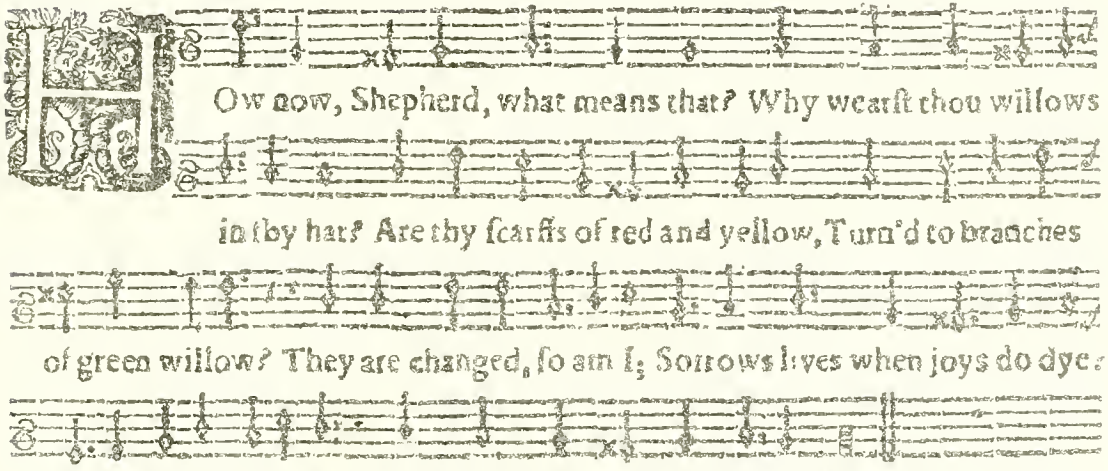
Yet words unkind, ſinks in my mind
And doth increaſe my ſmart:
Yet ſhal ye find me true and kind,
Remember on me, dear Heart.

Remember on me in thral,

Ready when I do call:
With true intent, I do conſent,
Heart, mind, body, and all:
Never to repent, but to conſent:
Remember on me in thral.

F I N I S.

THE XLVIII. SONG.



Is't the Lass that lov'd thee long?
Is it she that doth thee wrong?
She who lov'd thee long and best,
Is her love now turn'd to jest?
She who lov'd me long and best,
Bids me set my mind at rest:
She loves a new Love, loves not me,
Which makes me wear the willow tree.

Come now, Shepherd, let us join,
Since thy Love is like to mine;
For even she I thought most true,
Hath also chang'd me for a new.
Herds-man, if thy hap be so,
Thou art partner of my wo;
Thy ill hap doth mine appease,
Company doth sorrow ease.

Is it she who lov'd thee now,
And swore her oath with solemn vow?
Faith and truth so truely plight,
Cannot be so soon neglect.

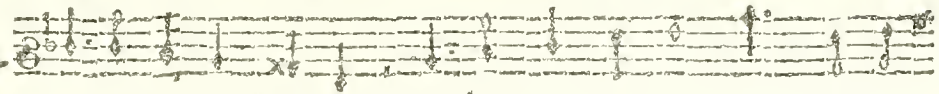
Faith and truth, vows and oaths,
Are forgot and broken both:
Cruel Phylis false to me,
Which makes me wear the willow tree.

Courage man, and do not mourn
For he who holds thy love in scorn:
Respect not them who loves not thee,
But cast away the willow tree.
For thee shal I live in pain;
Phylis once was true Love mine,
Which shal ne'te forgotten be,
Although I wear the willow tree.

Shepherd be thou rul'd by me,
Cast away the willow tree;
For thy sorrow's her consent,
And she is pleas'd if thou lament.
Herds man, I'le be rul'd by thee,
Here lyes grief and willow tree:
Henceforth I will be as they,
That loves a new Love every day.

F I N I S

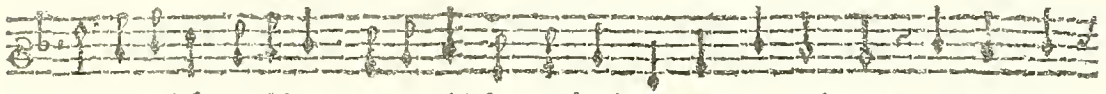
THE XLIX. SONG.



WILL said to his Mammie, That he would go woo: Fain would he
Soft a while, my Lammie, Stay and yet a-bide. He like a
weed



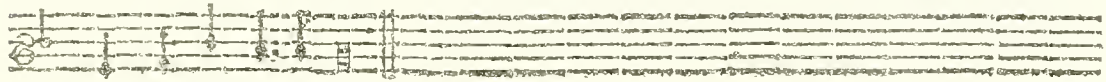
wedd, But he wiſt not how. Indeed I'le have a wife, a wife, a wife.
fool as he was, re-ply'd.



O what a life do I lead For a wife in my bed? I may not tell you. O there to



have a wife, a wife, a wife, O! it's a ſmart to my heart, it's a rack to my back,



And to my belly too.

Scarcely vvas he vvedded
Full a fourt-nights ſpace,
For that he was in a heavy caſe;
Largely vvas he headed,
And his cheeks look'd thin:
And to repent he did thus begin;
A fig for ſuch a wife, a wife, a vvife:
O! vvhat a life do I lead,
With a vvife in my bed:
I may not tell you.

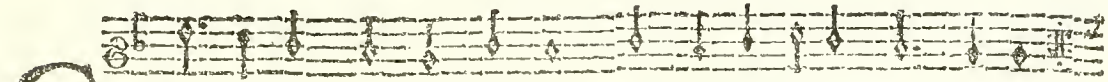
O! there to have a wife a wife, a wife
O! it's a ſmart to my heart;
It's a rack to my back,
And to my belly too.

All you that be Batchelors,
Be learn'd by crying VVill:
When ye are vvell, to remain ſo ſtill.
Better for to tarry,
And alone to ly,
then like a fool vvith a fool to cry,
A fig for ſuch a wife, a wife, a wife:
O! vvhat a life do I lead,
With a vvife in my bed?
I may not tell you.
O! there to have a wife, a wife, a wife
It's a ſmart to my heart,
It's a rack to my back,
And to my belly too.

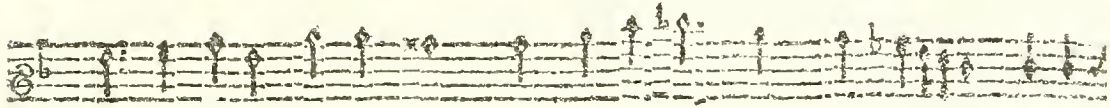
FINIS.

THE

THE L. SONG.



CAre, away, go thou from me; For I am not fit match for thee
Thou bereaves me of my wits: Wherefore I hate thy frantick fits.



Therefore I will care no more, Since that in cares comes no reſtore: But I



will ſing, Hey down a down, a die, And caſt care away, away, from me.

If I want, I care to get:
The more I have, it doth me fret:
Have I much, I care for more:
The more I have, I think I'm poor:
Thus doth grief my mind oppreſs,
In wealth or wo, finds no redreſs.
Therefore I'le care no more, no more in vain,
For care hath coſt me mickle grief and pain.

Is not this world a ſlippry ball?
And thinks men ſtrange to catch a fall.
Doth not the ſea both ebb and flow?
And hath not Fortune a painted ſhow?
Why ſhould men take care or grief,
Since that in care comes no relief?
There's none ſo wiſe but may be o'rethrown,
The careleſs may reap what the careful hath ſown.

Well

Well then, learn to know thy ſelf.
And care not for this worldy pelf:
Whether thine eſtate be great or ſmal,
Give thanks to God, what e're befal;

So ſhalt thou then live at eaſe,
No ſudden grief ſhal thee diſpleaſe!
Then mayſt thou ſing, Hey down, a down, a die,
When thou haſt caſt all care and grief from thee.

FINIS.

THE LI. SONG.
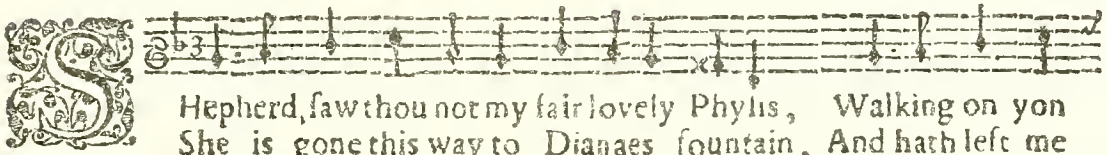


Thus

Thus ſtill I biſs'd yet Time no ſip would give:
Why ſhould this bleſſed Time, to me be dry,
Since by the ſame the laiſie dron doth live,
The waſp, the worm, the gnat, the butter-flie?
Matted with grief, I kneeled on my knees,
And thus complained to the King of Bees.

My Liedge, God grant thy Time may never end.
And now vouchſafe to hear my plaint of Time:
The fruitleſs flies are found to have a friend,
Yet I caſt off, while atomies do climb.
The Prince reply'd, and ſaid, Peace, pieviſh Bee,
Thou'rt made to ſerve the Time, the Time not thee.

FINIS.

THE LII. SONG.



ſlain



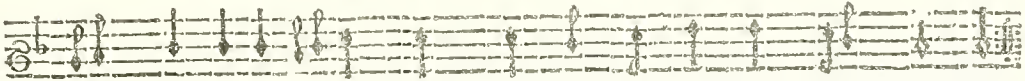
ſlain me, Gentle Shepherd play a part.
other, That can eaſe me of my ſmart,

Shepherd, I have ſeen thy fair lovely Phylis,
Where her flocks are feeding by the river ſide:
Ah! I much admire, ſhe is fair exceeding,
In ſurpaſſing beauty, ſhould ſurpaſs in pride:
But, alace! I find they are all unkind:
Beauty knows her power too well:
When they liſt they love, when they pleaſe they move;
Thus they turn their heaven to hell:
Where their fair eyes glancing,
Like to Cupids dancing,
Rules well for to deceive us,
With vain hopes deluding,
Still their praiſe concluding,
Thus they love, thus they leave us.

Thus I do diſpair, love her I ſhal never,
If ſhe be ſo coy, loſt is all my love:
But ſhe is ſo fair, I will love her ever.
All my pain is joy, which for her I prove.
If I ſhould her love, and ſhe ſhould deny,
Heavy heart with me would break:
Though againſt my will, tongue thou muſt be ſtill
For ſhe will not hear thee ſpeak:
Then with kiſſes move her,
They ſhal ſhow I love her:
Lovely Love, be thou my guide:
But I'le fore complain me,
She will ſtill diſdain me;
Beauty is ſo full of pride.

F I N I S.

THE LIII. SONG.



FAin would I wed a fair young Maid, that day and night could pleaſe me,
When my mind or bodie's griev'd, that had the power to eaſe me.



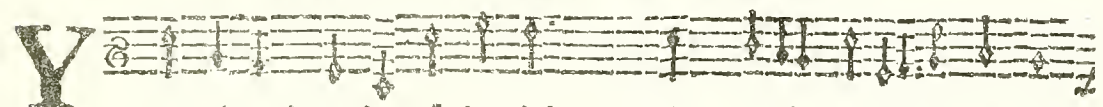
Maids are full of longing thoughts, which breeds a pain-ful ſickneſs:
And that oft I hear men ſay, is on-ly cur'd throgh quickneſs.

Oft I have been wooed, and pray'd, yet never could be moved.
Many for a day or two, I have moſt dearly loved:
But this fooliſh mind of mine, ſtraight loathes the thing reſolved.
If to love be ſin in me, that ſin is ſoon abſolved.

Surely, I think, I ſhal at laſt flie to ſome holy Order;
When I am once ſetled there, I then can flie no farther:
Yet I would not die a Maid, becauſe I had a mother:
As I was by one brought forth, I would bring forth another.

FINIS.

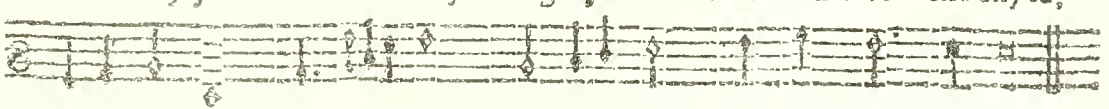
THE LIV. SONG.



You minor beauties of the night; Which poorly ſatisfies our eyes,



More by your number then your light, As common Officers in the skyes;



What are you? what are you? What are you, when the Moon doth riſe?

You

You wandring Chanters of the wood,
That fills mine ears with natures layes,
Thinking your passions understood
In weaker accents, what's your praise?
What's your praise? what's your praise,
When Philomel her notes doth raise?

But, ah! pure light, pure voice, pure sinel,
What are you when my Mistris shine?
Moon, Violet, and Philomel,
Adore her all, cause she's divine,
She's divine, she's divine,
The quintessence of women kind.

You Violets that first appear
Your pride in purple garments shown,
Taking possession of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own;
What are you, what are you?
What are you, when the roses bloom?

The Second Part.

YOu minor beauties of the night,
That shows your signs celestial;
More is your number then your light,
Although you were terrestrial;
What are you? what are you?
What are you when the Moon doth rise.

You erring stars, what do you mean
To rob bright Phebus of his shine?
Or to obscure his princely light,
Turning his day in darksom night?
Leave off in time, learn to be wise,
Leave off your foolish enterprise.

You mustur number as the sand,
And some clear light you do command:
But what are you when that your Queen
With borrowed light begins to shine?
What are you both when Phebus plays?
Upon the centure of his rays?

Should little streams command great seas?
Or little ants the stinging bees?
Should little birds with eagles soar?
Or little beasts with lyons roar?
No, no, not so, it is not meet,
The head should stoup down to the feet.

FINIS.

THE LV. SONG.
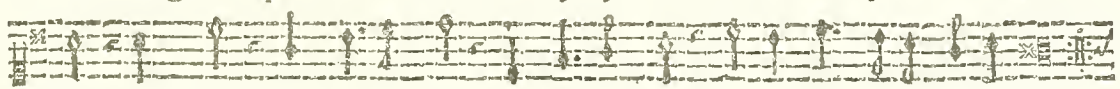
FAll my tears, fall from your springs; Exil'd for ever let me,
Down vain lights, shine you no more. No nights are dark enough for



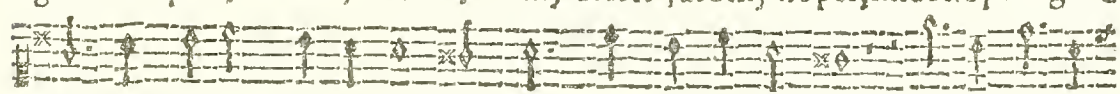
mourn, Where nights black bird her ſad infamy ſings; There let me live forlorn.
thoſe That in diſ-pair their laſt fortuns deplore. Light doth but ſhame diſcloſe.



Never may my woes be re-lie-ved, ſince pitty is fled; And tears, and
From the higheſt Sphear of contentment, my fortune is thrown; And fear, and



ſighs and groans, my weary days, my weary days, of all joys have deprived:
grief and pain, for my deſerts, for my deſerts, are my hopes, ſince hope is gone



Heark you ſhadows that in darkneſs dwel, learn to contemn light. Happy, happy



they that are in heaven, feel not the worlds deſpight.

FINIS.

Severall

Severall of the Choiſeſt

ITALIAN SONGS

COMPOSED BY

GIOVANNI GIACOMO CASTOLDI DA CARRAVAGGIO.

Together alſo, with ſome of the Beſt

new English-Ayres.

Collected from their chiefeſt Authors,

All in Three Parts,

Viz. Two *TREBLES* and a *BASS.*

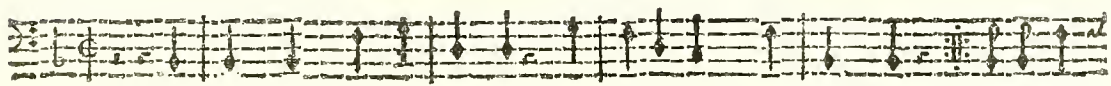


SHe that loves me for my ſelf, For affection, not baſe pelf, Onely ſhe,
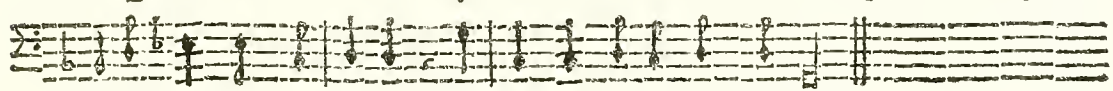


onely ſhe, yea onely ſhe, deſerves to be belov'd of me.

BASSVS. Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*



SHe that loves me for my ſelf, For affection, not baſe pelf, Onely ſhe,



onely ſhe, yea onely ſhe, deſerves to be belov'd of me.

Di *Gio. Giac Caſtoldi.*

She



SHe that loves me for my ſelf, For affection not baſe pelf, Onely ſhe,



onely ſhe, yea onely ſhe, deſerves to be belov'd of me.

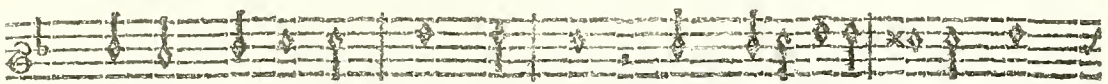
Di *Gio. Glac. Caſtoldi.*

She that loves me with reſolve,
Ne're to alter, till diſſolve,
Onely She, onely She, yea onely She,
Deſerves to be belov'd of me.

Wert



VVErt thou yet fairer then thou art, which lies not in the power of Art,

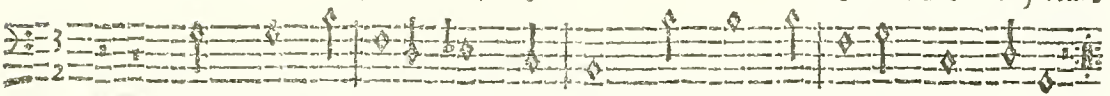


Or hadſt thou in thine eyes more darts, Then *Cupid* ever ſhot at hearts,

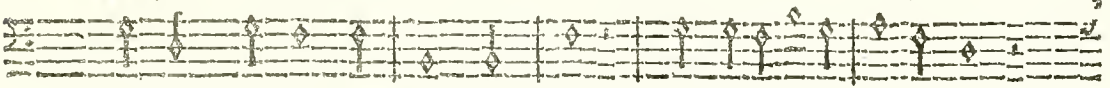


Yet if they were not thrown at me, I would not caſt a thought on thee.
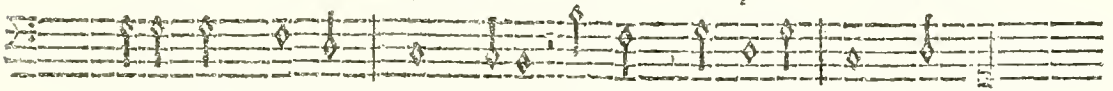
BASSVS. Di *Gio. Gioc. Caſtoldi.*



VVErt thou yet fairer then thou art, which lies not in the power of Art,

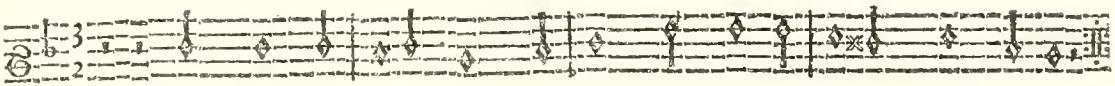


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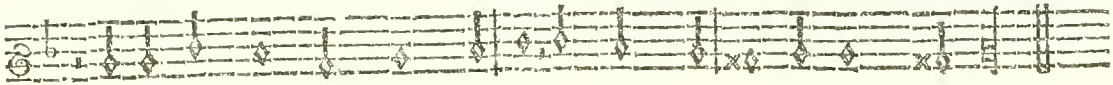
Wert



VVErt thou yet fairer then thou art, which lies not in the power of Art,



Or hadſt thou in thine eyes more darts, Then *Cupid* ever ſhot at hearts,



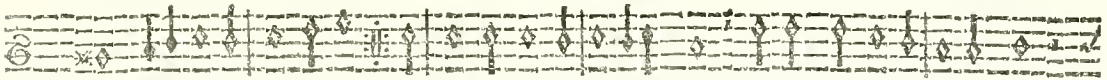
Yet if they were not thrown at me, I would not caſt a thought on thee.

Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*

I'd rather marry a diſeaſe
Then court a thing I cannot pleaſe,
She that would cheriſh my deſires,
Muſt court my flames with equal fires,
Would you know what that will be,
I'le then love you when you love me.



BRing back my comfort and re- - turn, For well thou knoweſt that I in ſuch a vig'rous paſſion



burn, That miſſing thee I die, Return, return, inſult no more, Return, return, inſult no more,



Return, return and me reſtore, To thoſe ſequeſtred joys I had before.

BASSVS. Di Gio. Giac Caſtoldi.



BRing back my comfort and return, For well thou knoweſt that I, in ſuch a vig'rous paſſion

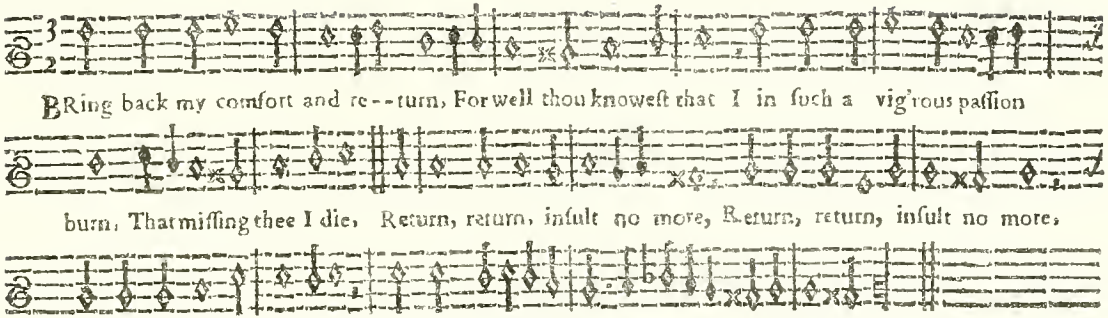


burn, That miſſing thee I die, Return, return, inſult no more, Return, return, inſult no more,



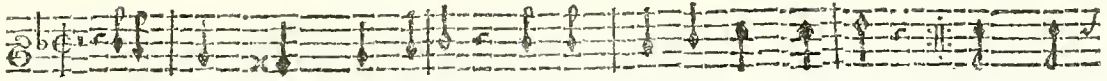
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Bring
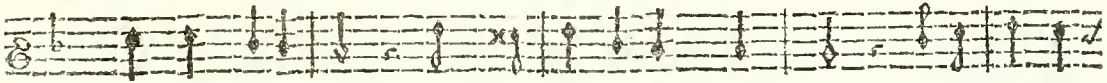


Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*

Abſence in moſt, that quencheth love,
And cools this warm deſire,
The ardour of my heart improve,
And make the flame aſpire,
The Maxime therefore I deny,
The Maxim therefore I deny,
And term it though a Tyranny;
The Nurſe to Faith, to Love, to Conſtancy.



PHillis why ſhould we delay, Pleaſures ſhorter then the day, Could we

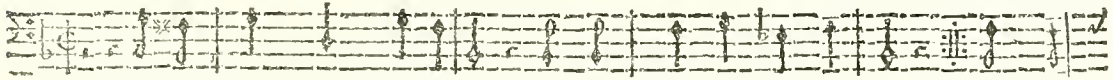


which we never can, Stretch our life beyond three ſpan, Beauty like a
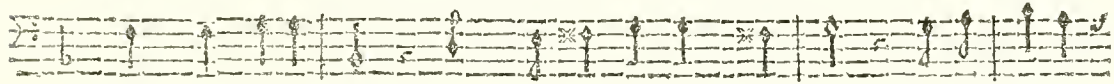


ſhadow flies, and our youth before us dies.

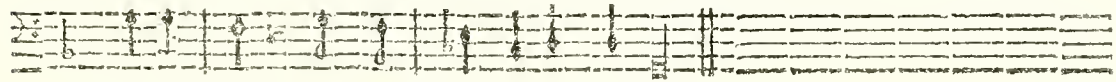
BASSUS. Di *Gio. Giac Caſtoldi.*



PHillis why ſhould we delay, Pleaſures ſhorter then the day, Could we



which we never can, Stretch our life beyond three ſpan. Beauty like a



ſhadow flies, and our youth before us dies.



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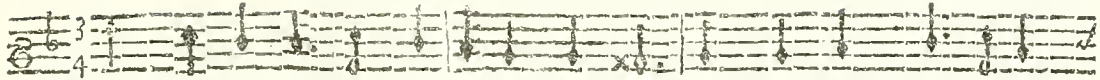


ſhadow flies, and our youth before us dies.

Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*

Or would Youth and Beauty ſtay
Love has Wings and will away.
Love has ſwifter Wings than time,
Changing Love too oft does chime.
Gods that never change their ſtate.
Very oft their love and hate.

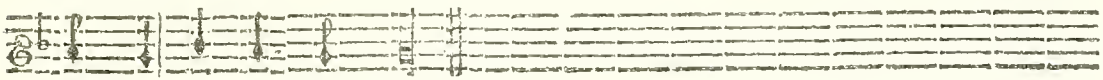
Stay,



Stay, ſtay, O ſtay that heart I vow 'tis mine, raviſh'd from hence by her
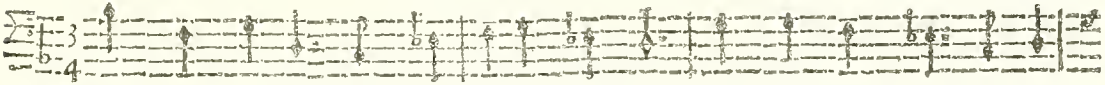


whoſe parts divine, Inchanted it and ſent the woful No: which took't away,



and fill'd it's place with woe.

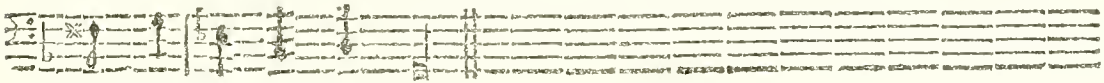
BASSVS. Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*



STay, ſtay, O ſtay that heart I vow 'tis mine, raviſh'd from hence by her



whoſe parts divine, Inchanted it, and ſent this fatal No: which took't away,



and fill'd its place with woe.

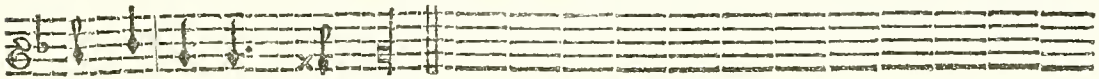
Stay,



STay, ſtay, O ſtay, that heart I vow 'tis mine, raviſh'd from hence by her



whoſe parts divine, Inchanted it and ſent this woful No : which took't away,

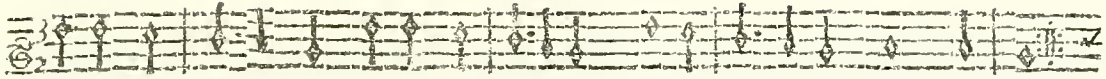


and fill'd its place with woe.

Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*

O hold it faſt, I come, yet let it fly,
I cannot move 'tis pity both ſhould dye,
Farewel, Farewel my heart I've pleas'd mine eyes,
Thou being loſt, ſees thee her Sacrifice.

O So-



O Sovereign of my joy, triumpher of anoy, Star of my deſire, and ſweet fire,

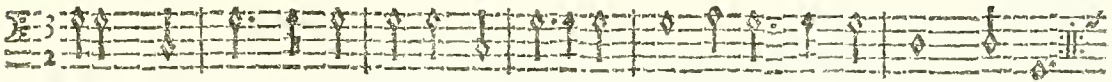


For in whoſe ſhining eyes, ar lights of *Cupid's* skies, And whoſe voice whē it ſpeaks



all ſenſe aſunder breaks, Whoſe heav'nly voice is ſuch, that hearts doth touch.

BASSVS. Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*



O Sovereign of my joy, triumpher of anoy, Star of my deſire, and ſweet fire;



For in whoſe ſhining eyes, ar lights of *Cupid's* skies, And whoſe voice whē it ſpeaks



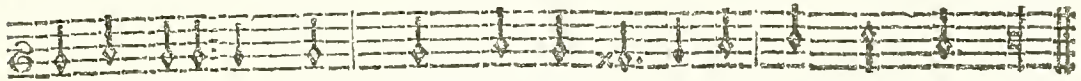
all ſenſe aſunder breaks, Whoſe heav'nly voice is ſuch, that hearts doth touch.



O Sovereign of my joy, triumpher of anoy, Star of my deſire, and ſweet fire



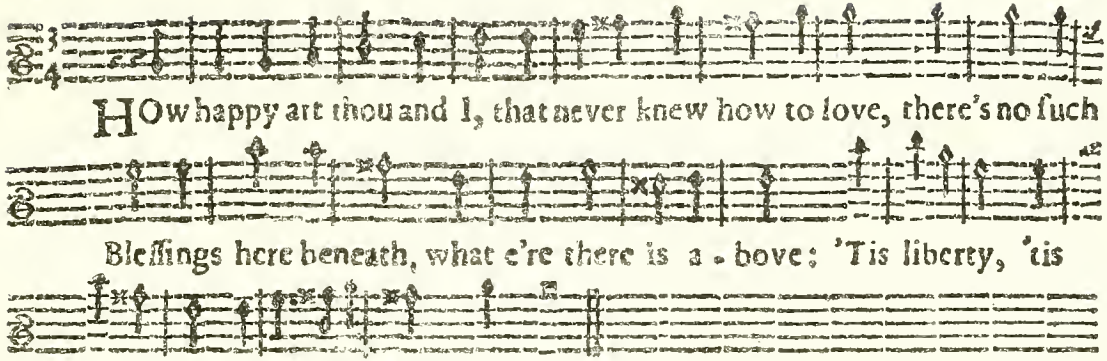
For in whoſe ſhining eyes, ar lights of *Cupid's* skies, And whoſe voice whē it ſpeaks



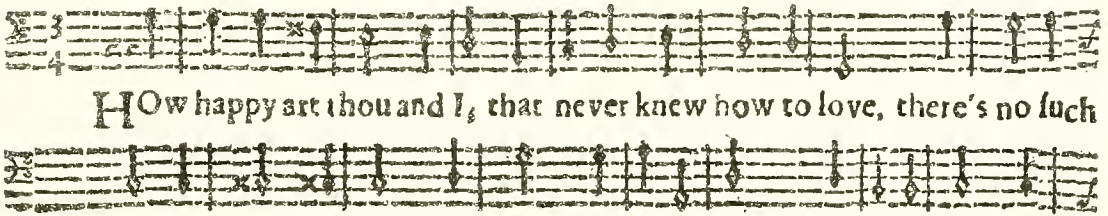
all ſenſe aſunder breaks, Whoſe heav'nly voice is ſuch, that hearts doth touch.

Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*

And in whoſe body is, Each character of Bliſs,
Full of true delight, Pure and bright,
My Dear when ſhall it be, That I thine eyes ſhall ſee,
And that my greedy ear, thy heavenly voice may hear,
Let be betwixt thee and me, A Harmony.



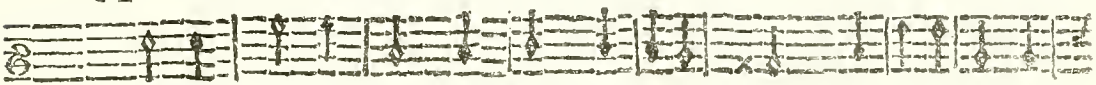
A. 3. Voc. *BASSVS.* Mr. *Henry Lewis*



How



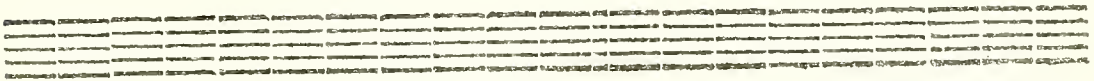
HOw happy art thou and I, that never knew how to love, there's no ſuch



Bleſſings here beneath, what e're there is a - bove: 'Tis li-ber-ty, 'tis



li-ber-ty, that e-ve-ry Wiſe Man loves.

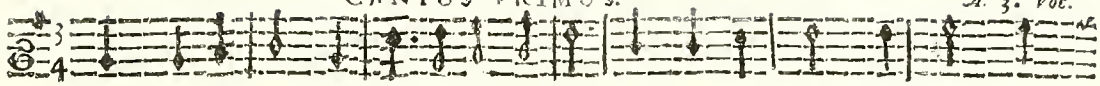


A. 3. Voc. *BASSVS* Mr. *Henry Lewis.*
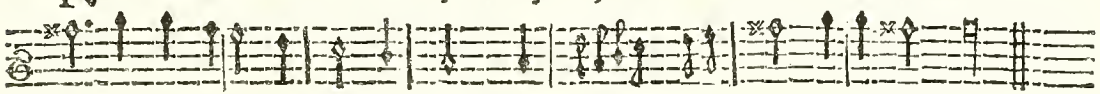


li-ber-ty, that e-ve-ry Wiſe Man loves.

CANTUS PRIMUS. *A. 3. Voc.*

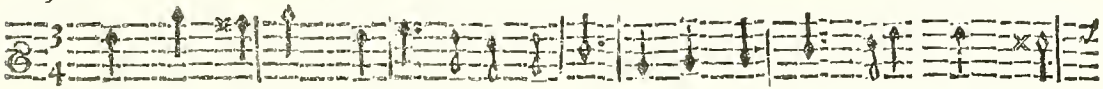


NOw we are met let's merry merry be, For one half hour with mirth and

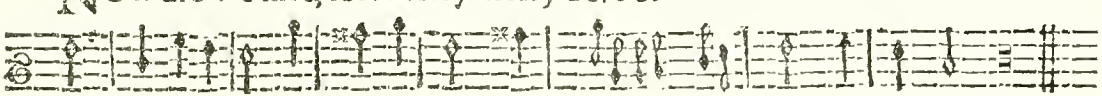


glee, To recreate our Spirits dull, Let's laugh and ſing our bellies full.

A. 3. Voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS. Mr. *Simon Ives.*

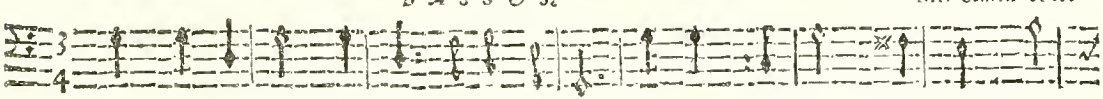


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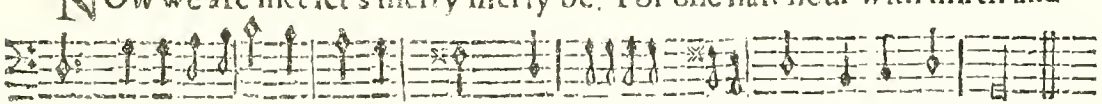


glee, To reereate our Spirits dull, Let's laugh and ſing our bellies full.

BASSUS. Mr. *Simon Ives.*

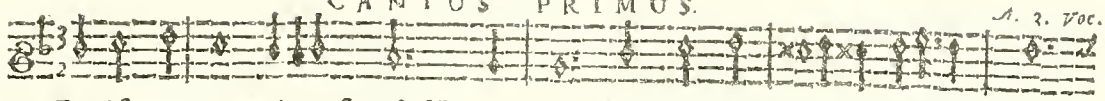


NOw we are met let's merry merry be, For one half hour with mirth and



glee, To recreate our Spirits dull, Let's laugh and ſing our bellies full.

CANTUS PRIMUS. *A. 2. Voc.*



I wiſh no more thou ſhould'ſt love me, My joys are full in loving thee,



My heart's too narrow to contain, My bliſs, if thou ſhould'ſt love again.

A. 3. Voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS. Mr *Will. Webb*

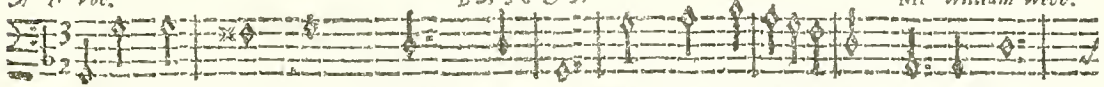


I wiſh no more thou ſhould'ſt love me, My joys are full in loving thee,

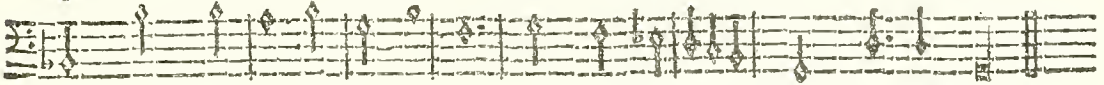


My heart's too narrow to contain, My bliſs, if thou ſhould ſt love again.

A 2. Voc. BASSUS. Mr *William Webb.*

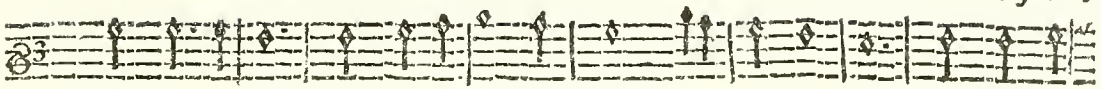


I wiſh no more thou ſhould'ſt love me, My joys are full in loving thee,
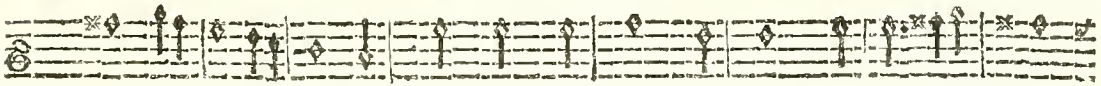


My heart's too narrow to contain, My bliſs, if thou ſhould'ſt love again.
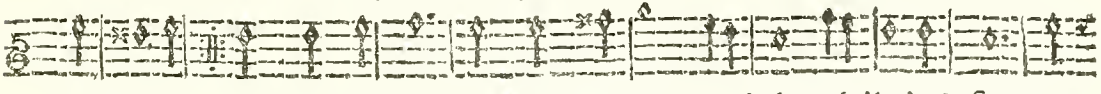
Hail



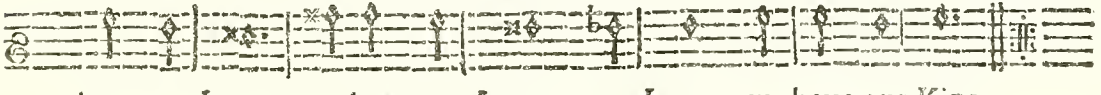
HAil happy day, now *Dorus* ſit thee down, and ſigh no more: ſee how the



ſky, the ſky is clearing, our King's return'd, return'd, and joyfull dayes
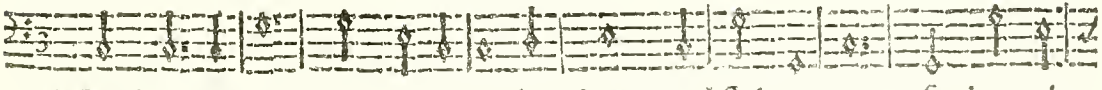


appearing; let Mirth appear, let Mirth appear, and chearfully let's ſing, we



have our Lawes, we have our Lawes, our Lawes, we have our King.

BASSVS.



HAil happy day, now *Dorus* ſit thee down, and ſigh no more: ſee how the



ſky, the ſky is clearing, our King's return'd, return'd, and joyfull days ap-



HAil happy day, now *Dorus* ſit thee down, and ſigh no more: ſee how the



ſky, the ſky is clearing, our King's return'd; return'd, and joyfull dayes

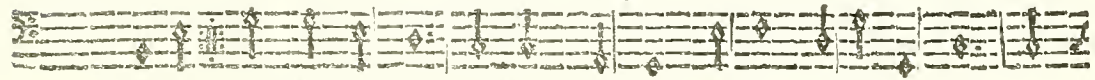


appearing; let Mirth appear, let Mirth appear, and chearfully let's ſing, we

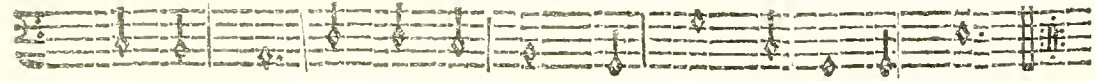


have our Lawes, we have our Lawes, our Lawes, we have our King.

B A S S V S.

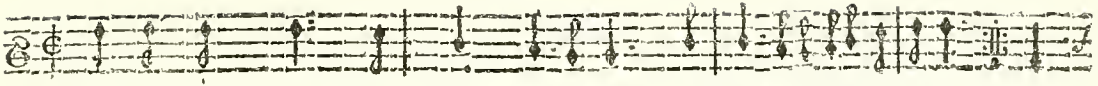


pearing; let Mirth appear, let Mirth appear, and chearfully let's ſing, we



have our Lawes, we have our Lawes, our Lawes, we have our King.

Gather
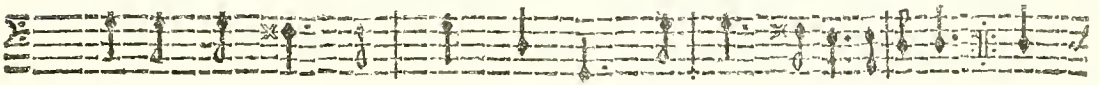


GAther your Roſe-buds whilſt you may, old time is ſtill a flying, And
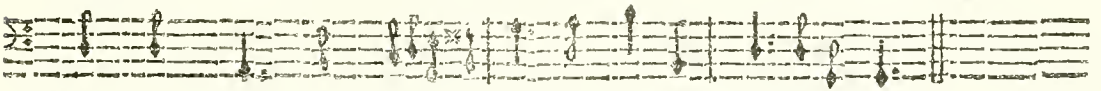


that ſame Flower that ſmiles to day, to-morrow will be dying.

BASSVS.



GAther your Roſe-buds whilſt you may, old Time is ſtill a flying, And



that ſame Flower that ſmiles to day, to-morrow will be dying.

Gather



GAther your Roſe-buds whilſt you may, old time is ſtill a flying, And



that ſame Flower that ſmiles to day, to-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven the Sun,
The higher he is getting;
The ſooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to ſetting.

That Age is beſt which is the firſt,
Whilſt Youth and Blood are warmer,
Expect not then the laſt and worſt,
Time ſtill ſucceeds the former.

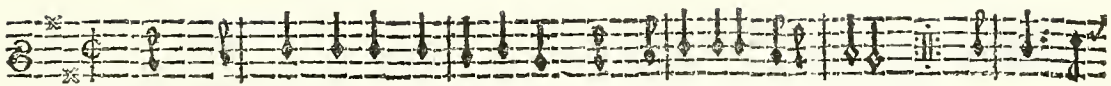
Then be not coy, but uſe your time,
And whilſt you may go marry,
For having once but loſt your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Her Anſwere.

I gather where I hope to gain,
I know ſwift Time doth flie:
Thoſe fading Buds me thinks are vain,
To morrow that may die.

The higher Phebus *goes on high,*
The lower is his fall;
But length of dayes gives me more light,
Freedom to know by thrall.

Then why do ye think I loſe my time,
Becauſe I do not marrie,
Vain fantaſies makes not my prime,
Nor can make me miſcarrie.



HEre's a Health unto his Majeſty, with a Fa, la, la, *&c.*
Con-ver-ſi-on to his E-ne-mies, with a Fa, la, la, *&c.* } And he that

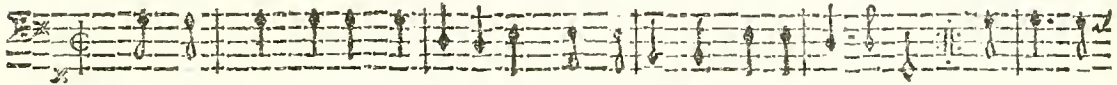


will nor pledge his Health, I wiſh him neither Wit nor Wealth, nor yet a



Rope to hang himſelf, with a Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, with a Fa la, la *&c.*

A. 3. Voc. BASSVS. Mr. *John Savile.*



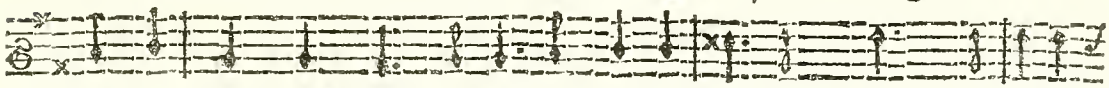
HEre's a Health unto his Majeſty, with a Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Con-ver-ſi-on to his E-ne-mies, with a Fa, la, la, la la, la, la, la, } And he that
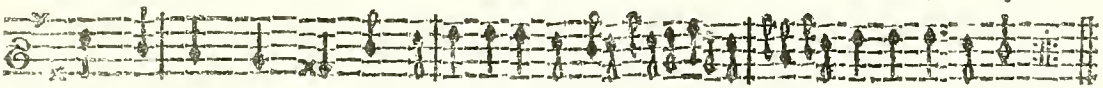


will not pledge his Health, I wiſh him neither Wit nor Wealth, nor yet a



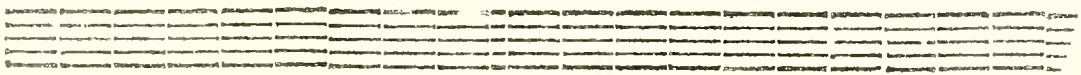
HEre's a Health unto his Majeſty, with a Fa, la, la, *&c.*
Con-ver-ſi-on to his E-ne-mies, with a Fa, la, la, *&c.* } And he that



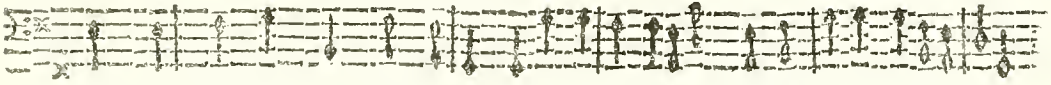
will not pledge his Health, I wiſh him neither Wit nor Wealth, nor yet a



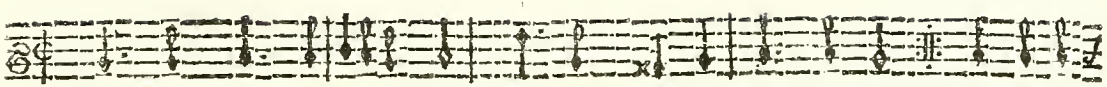
Rope to hang himſelf, with a Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, with a Fa, la, la, la, *&c.*



BASSVS. Mr. *John Savile*



Rope to hang himſelf, with a Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, with a Fa, la, la, la, la, la.



FRom the fair *Lavenian* Shore, I your Markets come to ſtore } Such is the
Muſe not though ſo far I dwell, And my wares come here to ſell. }
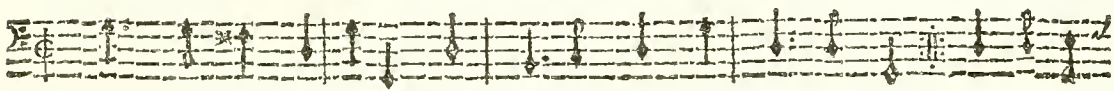


Sacred hunger of Gold: Then come to my Pack, while I cry, what d'ye lack,

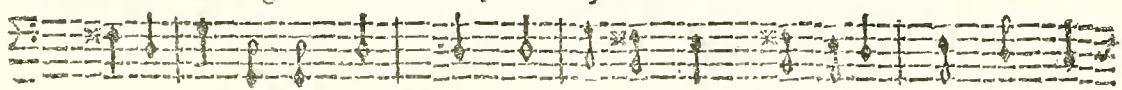


what d'ye buy, for here it is to be ſold.

A. 3. Voc. *BASSVS.* Dr. *Wilſon*



FRom the fair *Lavenian* Shore, I your Markets come to ſtore } Such is the
Muſe not though ſo far I dwell, And my wares come here to ſell. }



Sacred hunger of Gold, Then come to my Pack, while I cry, what d'ye lack,



FRom the fair *Lavenian* Shore, I your Markets come to ſtore?
Muſe not though ſo far I dwell, And my wares come here to ſell. } Such is the



Sacred hunger of Gold, Then come to my Pack while I cry, what d'ye lack,



what d'ye buy, for here it is to be ſold.

BASSVS. Dr. *Wilſon*



what d'ye buy, for here it is to be ſold.

I have Beauty, Honour Grace, Fortune, Favour, Time and Place,
And what elſe thou would'ſt requeſt, Even the thing thou likeſt beſt.
Firſt let me have but a touch of thy Gold:
Then come to me Lad,
Thou ſhalt have what thy Dad
Never gave, for here it is to be ſold

An Index or Table,

Of all the Songs contained in this Book.

A*Wake, sweet Love* xxiii
Away vain world xxxv

B*Rave* Mars *begins to rouse* xxxvij
Begone, sweet night xl
Behold a wonder here xliv

C*Ome Love let's walk* xiv
Come sweet Love xxxij
Care away go thou from me l

E*Ven Death, behold I breath* xxiv

F*Air would I wed* liij
Flow my tears lv

H*Ow should my feeble body* xv
How now Shepherd xlviij

I*F care do cause men cry* i
Intil a mirthful May ij
In a garden so green iv
If floods of tears could xiij
I love great GOD above xxvj
Joy to the person of my Love xxxiv
Iury *came to* Iebus-Salem xxxviij

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LEt not, I ſay, the ſluggiſh xj
Like as the dumb Soliequium xviij
Like as the Lark within xxv

MY bailful breaſt xxij
My complaining is but xlij

NOw is the month of x
No wonder is ſuppoſe xvj

OLuſty May, with Flora ij
Over the mountains xlv

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Remember me, my Dear xlvij

SAthan, my foe, full of xij
Sleep Wayward thoughts xx
Sweet Kate, of late, ran xxxiij
Shepherd, ſaw thou not lij

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The gowans are gay xix
The loweſt trees have tops xxvij
Though your ſtrangeneſs xxxj
There is a thing that much is xlj
There was a time when ſilly Bees lj

VVHen as the Greeks v
When chile cold age viij
What if a day, or a month xvij
When Father Adam xxj
Where art thou Hope xxviij
Who doth behold my Miſtris xxx
Wo worth the time xxix
When May is in her prime xxxvj
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With my Love my life was xliij
When from my Love I lookt xlvi
VVILL ſaid to his Mamie xlix

YOu Lovers all that love vj
You minor Beauties liv

A Table of the *Italian* Songs, Compoſed by GIOVANNI GIACOMO CASTOLDI DA CARRAVAGGIO, in three parts, (*viz*) two *Treebles* and a *Baſs*, added to this Book.

She that loves me for my ſelf
Were thou yes fairer then thou art
Bring back my comfort and return
Phillis why ſhould we delay
Stay ſtay, O ſtay, that heart I vow
O! Sovereign of my joy

A Table of ſome choiſe new *English Ayres*, in three parts, (*viz*) two *Treebles* and a *Baſs* which are alſo further added to this Book.

How happy art thou and I
Now we are met, let's merry, merry be
I wiſh no more thou ſhouldſt love me
Hail happy day, now Dorus *ſit thee down*
Gather your Roſe-buds whilſt you may
Here's a Health unto his Majeſty
From the fair Lavenian *ſhore.*

FINIS.



